McKean County Miner.

State Library 1 Jul 06

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY
TERMS: $1.25 Per Year
VOL. XLII.
SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1905.
NO. 38

FAIR OUTLOOK IS GROWING BRIGHTER.

Everything Will be in Readiness for McKean County's Great Fair.

NUMEROUS ATTRACTIONS SECURED.

Fast Races and Excellent Exhibits Promised—Excursion Rate on Railroads—Special Cars to Grounds.

The indications for the First Annual Fair and Races of the McKean County Fair Association being a complete success are growing brighter every day and now it is as certain as anything can be that this meeting which is to be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 3, 4, 5, and 6, will be a credit to the town, the promoters and its managers.

The exposition building which doubtless will attract as much attention as any one thing at the fair is located under the grandstand. It is high and well lighted and ventilated and has a floor space of over thirty-four thousand square feet. This room is divided into booths and will be used to exhibit all farm products brought to the fair for contest for premiums. Many retail merchants will also have space in this building for large exhibit and each department will have a representative to attend to the wants of the people.

All live stock, poultry, etc., will be exhibited on the north side of the grounds and carefully classified so that spectators can readily locate the kinds of stock in which they are most interested. Large tents will be used to house these exhibits and their quarters will be neat, clean and comfortable.

H. B. Wells of Hornellsville, N. Y., has been secured to judge all live stock and award all premiums. Mr. Wells is a registered judge and has had a great deal of experience in this line.

The management of the McKean County Fair has entered the field of amusements, and engaged for special free attractions, for the stage, opposite the grand stand, a number of acts that are calculated to please one and all. These attractions have been secured through Harold Cox's Trans-Atlantic Amusement Attractions of New York, London and Paris, and are a costly aggregation to assemble at a fair. Perhaps the most novel and humerous feature is the Triple Horizontal Bar act of George and Harrington, two gentlemen who "make-up" in different characters and introduce grotesque absurdities in rapid succession, their work on the bars is high class and very difficult. Mlle. Maude DeLora is a wonderful contortionist and presents a series of artistic poses. Her performance is said to be a dream of suppleness and is gracefully executed. She is magnificently costumed and has been the sensation wherever she has appeared. Still another important feature on the program is the engagement of Mons. Tessier. This gentleman is a recent importation and will give two performances daily. First a novel slack wire and juggling exhibition, second his wonderful Balancing Trapeze act, in which many startling feats of courage and scientific calculation are presented.

The Association has made a contract with Conderman of Hornellsville for his large Ferris Wheel which is one of the most popular amusements ever located on a fair ground. The ever popular merry-go-round and many other attractions too numerous to mention will be there to amuse the people.

Tuesday, the first day, will be taken up with locating the stock and exhibits and getting all the preliminaries in readiness for the three great days to follow. Harold Cox's Trans-Atlantic Amusement Attractions will give their daily exhibitions and the other amusements will be in full swing.

Wednesday will be Grange Day and A. M. Connal, lecturer of the State Grange and other speakers will be secured to address the Grangers on topics of vital interest to them. The Port Allegany Band has been secured for this day and will furnish music throughout the day. The races for the day will be as follows:

No. 1. 2:24 Trot, purse, $300
No. 2. 2:40 Pace, purse, $300
No. 3. Running race ½ mile and repeat, purse, $100

On Thursday the St. Marys Band, which has become famous throughout this section will furnish the music and the following race program will be carried out:

No. 4. 2:40 Trot, purse, $300
No. 5. 2:20 Pace, purse, $300
No. 6. Running race ⅝ mile and repeat, purse, $150

Friday, the last day, the St. Marys Band will furnish music, and the following races will be pulled off:

No. 7. 2:24 Pace, purse, $300
No. 8. Free for all, purse, $300
No. 9. Gentlemen's road race. Home horses. No entrance fee, purse, $50

There will not be a dull moment during the whole four days or evenings, for there will be something doing every minute. In the evenings there will be dances and entertainments and it will be well for those wishing to stay the fair through to secure hotel accommodations in advance for Smethport will be crowded as it never was before.

Excursion rates have been secured on all railroads and arrangements are being made so that visitors can leave after the day's races are over and reach their homes in nearly any part of the county early in the evening. Trains over E. K. Kane's road will leave Mechanic street every half hour for the fair grounds and they will also connect with all trains on the Kushequa Route arriving and departing.

Death of John Conners.

John Conners, a well-known resident of Keating township, died at his home last Friday morning at 3:30 o'clock, at the advanced age of 81 years. He had been in poor health for some time past but no alarm was felt until a few days previous to his demise.

The deceased was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in 1821, and came to this country when a young man and settled in Massachusetts, where he was married to Miss Honora Callahan. Many years ago the family moved to this vicinity and settled on a farm in Irish Hollow where they have since resided.

Mr. Connors was a honest, hard working man who was held in high respect by all who knew him and he will be missed by many. He is survived by his widow and two children, Mrs. Peter Conley of Smethport and John Conners, who lives on the old homestead.

The funeral was held from the Swedish Lutheran church, which is being used by the St. Elizabeth congregation, Rev. Father Cosgrove officiating, and the burial was made in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

M. E. Services Next Sunday.

The Presiding Elder of Olean district, Genesee Conference, the Rev. Thomas Cardus, will preach in the M. E. church to the united congregations of Methodists and Baptists on Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Everybody is cordially invited. Preceding the preaching service the love feast will be held in Epworth chapel at 6:30 p. m. Every Christian and every other person will be heartily welcome to attend and participate in this old-fashioned service. Dr. Cardus has been requested to lead. This most efficient officer adorns his position in the sub-episcopate and has easily won the affection and esteem of the clergy and laity of his territory. At the district conference held last week at Bolivar, N. Y., eloquent tribute was paid to his brotherly treatment of others, loyalty to his men and churches, and his courage and tact in handling difficult problems. As a matter of course, the conference unanimously asked for his re-appointment at the hands of Bishop Spellmyer.

Death of Mrs. C. H. Olmstead.

Mrs. Susan H. Olmstead, wife of Charles H. Olmstead, died at noon Saturday, at the family residence in Ormsby. The deceased was aged 45 years and until recently was a resident of Bradford. She is survived by her husband; a son, Harry; three brothers, W. J. Palmer of Hornellsville, Charles F. Palmer of Bradford and Herbert Palmer of Ormsby; two sisters, Mrs. Robert Watson of San Francisco, and Mrs. Lena Ricker of Jamestown. The deceased was a member of the First Baptist church of this city. Funeral services over the remains were conducted at the late residence at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, the Rev. W. Ervin of Mt. Alton officiating. The body was taken to Jamestown on Monday for interment. —Bradford Era.

Death of Reuben Dennis.

Reuben Dennis, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Eldred, died at his home in that place on Sunday, aged 79 years.

The deceased had been a resident of Eldred for a great many years. Up to the past three or four years he was for a long time the owner and proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel there and always conducted it without a license. He was a practical Prohibitionist and as such was prominent throughout the county, and many sincere friends will regret the death of this estimable man.

Hen Causes Fatal Runaway.

A Warren, Pa., dispatch, dated Sept. 16, says: Michael Kennedy is dead and his wife and Burnell Mouers are seriously hurt as a result of a runaway here. Mouers drives a team for the Warren Mills Company and had been delivering feed at the barn of the Kennedys. A frightened hen got under the horses' feet and they ran away. Mouers was thrown from the wagon and dragged some distance. Kennedy and his wife were run over by the team, Kennedy dying a few moments after the accident.

Remember the Holmes & Gilfillan carpet sweepers.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Inquire at MINER office.

GRABE-HAFNER NUPTIALS.

Two Well-Known Young People are United in Wedlock.

Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hafner on Mechanic street, at 2 o'clock, in the presence of between fifty and sixty guests, Rev. Isaac Stetler, pastor of the Lutheran church of Coudersport, pronounced the words which united in marriage their daughter, Edith Alverna, to Mr. Herman Frederick Grabe of Bradford.

Promptly at the appointed hour the bridal party entered the parlor to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March rendered by Mrs. F. M. D. Watkins, Jr., of St. Marys, where the beautiful and impressive ring service of the Lutheran church was used. The bride was attired in colienne over cream silk and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Mrs. C. B. Corwin, a sister of the bride, was matron of honor and was gowned in grey colienne over over grey silk. Mr. Carl Grabe of Coudersport, brother of the groom, acted as best man.

After a brief period of congratulations the bridal party and guests repaired to the dining room where an elegant luncheon was served. Mr. and Mrs. Grabe departed on the afternoon Pennsylvania train for a bridal tour in New York City and other eastern cities and will be at home at No. 17 Terrace street, Bradford, after Oct. 15.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and useful gifts, including cut glass, jewelry, china, etc.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Grabe are well known young people. The bride has been a resident of this place for a number of years and is esteemed by all. The groom is a promising young business man of Bradford, who formerly resided in this place where he made many friends who will unite with the MINER in wishing them both a long, happy and prosperous wedded life.

The out-of-town guests were: Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Sterler and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Grabe and daughter, Miss Caroline, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Grabe, Carl Grabe, Mrs. W. Klesa of Coudersport; Howard McKalip, Bradford; Miss Adeline Learn, Eldred; Miss Lydia Burlingame, Kasson; Mrs. W. P. Clothier, Miss Stella Gleever, Buffalo; Mrs. George Brennan, Mt. Jewett; Mrs. F. M. Spangler, son and daughter, North Girard, Pa.; Mrs. F. M. D. Watkins, Jr., St. Marys, and Miss Georgia Crosby, New York City.

Glass News.

The following from the Commoner and Glassworker is of general interest:

The Haines Flint Bottle Co. started their flint tank on September 5, with a full complement of blowers. Everything is working splendidly under the management of T. H. Pancoast.

Many changes in the factory were made during the summer stop, that make things work and look better. Manager Pancoast certainly knows how to get things in shape so as to get out all the work there is in a plant, the changes also benefit the blowers a great deal and make the boys look happier.

One of the Pancoast batch-mixing and unloading machines was installed during the summer. This does away with all the batch dust and makes the best batch we ever saw go into a furnace. The quality of flint made here this fire is even better than produced last year, and that certainly was very fine.

With a few exceptions, all of last year's blowers are here. The new men are Homer Belanger, from Poughkeepsie; James White, from Bradford; William McCollum and Thomas Foster, of Philadelphia and E. R. Amster, of Pitman Grove, N. J. We all look for a good season's run, as it is said we are to make about the same kind of ware as last blast, when we all did very well indeed. The blowers here appreciate Manager Pancoast's interest in them, and to show our appreciation of his efforts in our behalf, on the night the fire went out, this branch called upon Mr. Pancoast at his home and presented him with a handsome Mystic shrine jewel and watch fob.

The first real Labor Day celebration ever known in this glass town was a credit to the glassworkers and especially the bottle blowers, who turned out the largest number in line. We had glassworkers from Eldred, Haselhurst and Mt. Jewett in line, and with other labor bodies of this place made an imposing parade long to be remembered here.

Deer are Plentiful.

Deer are more plentiful in Pennsylvania than they have been for many years, according to the reports of the State Game Commissioner. Some of the game wardens report deer in localities where there has been none of these animals for many years. The reports also indicate a large abundance of pheasants and an unusually small quantity of quail, says an exchange. Such reports are all right so far as they go, but unless the State Game Commissioner does something to protect the few deer in this State he will have to revise that report before he sends it out again.

Go to J. C. Hamlin for all kinds of Fruit Cans, Jelly Glasses and Preserving Kettles.

The Game Laws.

The open season for game commonly found in this section, with the penalties for violations of the laws, is as follows:

No wild pigeons shall be killed in this state for a period of ten years from Apr. 22, 1905. Penalty $25 for each pigeon killed or taken.

Woodcock may be killed between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1. Not more than 10 in one day, 20 in a week or 50 in a season.

Ruffled grouse or partridge, wild turkey, prairie chicken, English, Mongolian or Chinese pheasants can only be killed between Oct. 15 and Dec. 1. Not more than 5 in one day, 20 in one week or 50 in one season. Only one turkey in a day and four in a season.

Quail from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1. Ten a day, 40 a week and 75 a season.

Deer from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1. Use of dogs in any form is unlawful, and it is also unlawful to use any gun propelling more than one pellet or bullet at one shot.

Squirrels may be taken from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1, not more than six in one day.

The season for hare or rabbits is for the month of November only. The penalty for nearly all violations is $25 and costs.

The law of 1905 protects bear and the open season is from October 1 to March 1, and the penalty for each bear or cub unlawfully killed or captured is $50.

The act provides that nothing in the existing laws shall be so construed as to prevent owners, tenants or their employees from killing or destroying fruit-eating or grain devouring birds or squirrels in the act of destroying fruits or cereals. It shall be lawful for the owner or lessee of any real estate in this State to kill, or have killed by any employe or member of his family, on his certain premises, any hare or rabbit at any time, as a protection to cultivated crops or trees, but for no other purposes; and to kill a bear of any description when in the act of inflicting injury to either the person or property of any individual in this Commonwealth, or upon proof made by affidavit of one or more persons that the bear in question has in any manner injured or damaged the person or property of any individual in this State.

Hunting on Sunday is prohibited.

Home-Made Stomach Pump.

A home-made stomach pump, invented on the spur of the moment by J. W. Graaf of Wapwallopen, saved the lives of Ira Boyd and his wife. Mrs. Boyd served what she believed to be mushrooms for supper, but after the family retired the husband and wife became violently ill. They had eaten toadstools in mistake. Graaf, who was camping in the vicinity, was summoned to the rescue and tried emetics, without effect. At last he conceived the idea of a new type of stomach pump. He procured two pieces of fat pork. Attaching strings to them he made each patient swallow a piece. He then pulled them out by the strings. The result was marvelous, as the patients vomited copiously. Dr. Santee of Wapwallopen, who arrived on the scene later, found them unconscious. He applied restoratives and the Boyds were revived. The doctor said Graaf's heroic treatment alone saved their lives.

"Ole Olson."

"Ole Olson," with Ben Hendricks in the title role, was the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum Monday evening and he played to a well filled house.

The play is an ordinary comedy drama with two conspiring villains and the other appurtenances thereto belonging. "Ole" is the hero on all occasions and occupies the center of the stage, under the lime light, in every thrilling and fun provoking climax, and this play is full of overdrawn climaxes.

Now "Ole" ha bane a party gude aktor for a Swede man dat only bane in dis kountry ten mont and sax wake an he kan sang soom besides, an dat Yenie, wat he lof, she bane not too bad neider, but da rest of da compani was boom an dat was no lie.

To Grow Timber.

A deal has been virtually consummated whereby the State Forestry Reservation Board will purchase of the Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company 20,000 acres of land at the head of Fishing Creek, taking in all the sections that form the Fishing creek water shed. The committee some time ago inspected the land, and the preliminaries for purchasing it were begun. Upon the return of the president of the lumber company from Europe, the deed will be signed and the title placed in the State's hands. The land is in Sullivan county and the timber was cut off by the lumber company several years ago. The state will start the work of propagating new timber and encouraging the second growth.

To the Toilet Trade of Smethport.
This is to certify that I have sold out my business in your city to Mrs. Vanblad, who has been taking lessons of me and will hereafter use my "Hair Preparations," which are having such good results among you. I can recommend her as a painstaking toilet woman.
MADAME E. STUART.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Young.—At Larabee, on Thursday, June 20, 1879, of tubercular meningitis, Niles Taylor Young, infant son of D. C. and Ida A. Young, aged 7 months.

Mr. J. M. McClure, Esq., late of Allentown, this state, was admitted to the bar on Monday, October 27, 1879. Mr. McClure will locate in Bradford. He was Deputy Attorney General during the latter part of Gov. Geary's administration and comes highly recommended as a gentleman and legal practitioner. There would seem to be a great sufficiency of legal gentlemen at this bar, but there is always room for more of a superior order of talent, and Mr. McClure appears to be one of that kind.

Rev. J. C. Whiteside drove up from Eldred on Tuesday Oct. 28, 1879, to unite in marriage Mr. J. R. Droney, late of Brockton, N. Y., and Miss Lena Ferris. The ceremony took place at the bride's residence in Farmers Valley at 9 p. m. and the next day the bridal party departed upon the customary tour, attended with the congratulations and hearty good wishes of a host of friends, in which the printers most heartily join in.

The Bradford Evening Star has been purchased by Messrs. A. J. Carr, late of the Democrat of this borough, and a Mr. Farrar, a gentleman connected with the Star under the former management. The new proprietors took possession Wednesday Nov. 5, 1879, and will conduct it as a democratic organ. Barring its politics we wish the new management all the success they may hope for.

Rifle.—At the residence of his son, A. L. Rifle, in Norwich township, Nov. 1, 1879, Daniel Rifle, aged about 75 years.

Rouble.—At the residence of N. W. Heineman, in Norwich township, Oct. 25, 1879, of diphtheria, Minnie Rouble, daughter of the late Michael Rouble, aged five years.

The thirty acres of land lying on the north side of the Rogers' property was purchased last week [Nov. 1879] by D. C. Young, Esq., at the very low price of $1,000. This purchase embraces the Darling lot upon which is one of the most reliable living springs to be found within the borough limits. A gentleman who was at the spring during the recent dry spell, when most of the springs of the country were thoroughly exsiccated, informed us that there appeared to be an abundance of water flowing from it. We are not aware of Mr. Young's intentions, but the last purchase causes us to surmise that another handsome residence will be built in this borough before many months roll around. Certain it is that the property he has got together is one of the most desirable for a private residence of any in the country.

A. D. Burbank has purchased the Rogers' homestead on the northwest corner of Main and Mechanic streets for $3,000. Mr. Burbank is one of the substantial business men of Keating township, and we are pleased to know that he has made up his mind to become a resident of the borough. We congratulate him upon having secured at what we consider about three-fourths of its value, one of the pleasantest residences in Smethport.

Mrs. C. A. Bardick has bought the two lots on the east side of lot 42, on Mechanic street, upon which is the large farm barn and shed built a few years since by Mr. Rogers. This property was sold for $500, and we very much doubt whether that sum would cover the original cost of the barn and shed.

Bond-Lackey.—In Genesee, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1879, by Rev. M. S. Wardner, Mr. James A. Bond of Smethport, Pa., and Miss Amy K. Lackey of Genesee, N. Y.

Wednesday morning Dec. 3, 1879, W. F. Peck of the MINER office, with a small party of immediate relatives, took the early train for Portville. When they returned in the evening the party was augmented by one, a young lady who will hereafter be known as Mrs. W. F. Peck, and whom Will has solemnly promised to cherish, love, honor, protect and provide for during life. The bride was Miss Minnie Stevens of Portville, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. H. Peck, the father of the groom. The heartiest felicitations of all connected with the MINER are tendered the deservedly happy couple.

Mr. D. V. Shepard, an old citizen of this borough died at his residence on Tuesday Dec. 23, 1879, after an illness of five days, of pneumonia. He had lived nearly the allotted life of man, being 65 years of age at the time of his death. The funeral will take place to-day (Thursday) at 2 p. m. at the Baptist church.

One hundred and sixty-five different criminals have occupied the McKean jail during 1879.

Eighteen stone cutters commenced work Tuesday morning (Jan. 6, 1879) cutting stone for the Court House.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Miss Howard's "Picturesque Song."

"Picturesque Song," which will be given at the Lyceum Theatre, Smethport, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 4th, is one of the most unique musical entertainments now on the stage. It is devised by Miss Mary M. Howard of Buffalo, N. Y., and is a combination of the musical and pictorial arts, at once entertaining and artistically educational. The audience hears good music and at the same time sees its poetic significance portrayed in pictures by the best artists. The combination is a very unusual one, and it appeals to the musical and the non-musical to all, in short, who have the love of art in any form.

Under the title of "Picturesque Song" Miss Howard has arranged various programs. One is called "Women Composers of Today." It presents the music of some of the most recent women musicians who are composing things worth hearing. Another of the "Picturesque Song" programs is devoted entirely to folk songs and is very interesting. Among the many lands represented on the folk song program is Japan, with the music illustrated by pictures from native artists. Other programs are made up of the music of certain countries, selections from the composers of one country constituting an entire program. Still others are miscellaneous concert programs, every program being accompanied by the beautiful pictures which make "Picturesque Song" unique.

A Marvelous Enterprise.

Every day the expression is heard, "It is marvelous how a Sunday newspaper can give to its readers free of charge such a beautiful color magazine as is given with the Philadelphia Sunday Press."

This magazine is equal to any ten cent magazine and is given absolutely free with the Sunday Press, a Sunday newspaper which costs only five cents per copy. The Sunday Press also has two other beautiful color magazines, consisting of a Woman's Magazine, which is unexcelled, and a Comic Magazine, equal to the best.

Such wonderful and valuable parts of a Sunday newspaper which is ably edited throughout, constantly add thousands of copies to the circulation of The Philadelphia Press. Do you read it? If not, notify your newsdealer at once to begin serving you with this newspaper.

"Wanted."

The following from the Random Notes of the Bradford Era, not only hits the wants of that thriving city, but nearly every other town and city as well:

WANTED—In Bradford at once:
Lower freight rates.
Fewer pessimists and loafers.
Less lying about the victims of "they say."
Young women who can do housekeeping.
More brick buildings.
Increased membership of the Board of Trade.
An interchange switch.
More caution in the running of automobiles.
Larger congregations.
More promptness in paying bills.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 16, 1905:

Mrs. Ida Englehart, Mrs. Victor Ferre, E. A. Goodrich, Rev. T. R. Peters, D. M. Tipton.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Haines Flint Bottle Company, for the election of a board of directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company on Nelson street, Smethport, on Saturday, the twenty-third day of September, 1905, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dated Smethport, Pa., September 12, 1905.
O. D. COMES,
Secretary.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

For Sale.
Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

Dr. D. K. Seltzer, veterinary surgeon, will be in Smethport at L. K. Hogarth's drug store during the fair, Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6.

For Sale.
The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purdie, Smethport, Pa.

Sober, reliable man wants steady employment with oil or gas company, seven years' experience in the field. Address Box 224, Smethport, Pa.

The Man From *the* Bank

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1902, by Charles W. Hooke.

WHEN I was on duty in the banking district, before I got my present desk job at headquarters, I used to see some queer things. It was my business, along with other detectives sent there through that region, to keep it clear of known crooks and in general to watch out for the fellow who wants to practice sinful deceptions on the unwary banker or his customers. Naturally I fell in with some interesting adventures.

One day about noon I was coming round the corner of the Temple building from Wayne street into Liberty when I saw an elegant looking woman about thirty years old jump out of her carriage and run into the Temple bank. I noticed that she got out unassisted before the footman could open the carriage door, and it was evident that both the coachman and the footman thought that something was going to happen.

I recognized the woman and the turnout, having seen them there about two months before, the same day that I caught "Doc" Turner, the cleverest bank sneak in this country, hanging around that corner and run him in as a suspicious person, for which I got well roasted next morning by the judge, who discharged Turner and told me that it was an outrage to arrest him just because he was an ex-convict when I couldn't prove that he was doing any harm. As if such a crook as "Doc" Turner could exist without doing harm! Some of these judges would make you laugh.

However, to resume my story. I knew who this woman was, because one of the newspapers printed her picture and description in connection with an article defending me for arresting Turner. It seems that she was Mrs. Gertrude Holden, widow of a rich real estate man well known in that line of business up to the day of his death. He left her substantially all his money, and she continued some of his operations, being more of a speculator than he was, according to all accounts. She had a large account with the Temple bank, and on the day when I took "Doc" Turner in she drew several thousand dollars in cash, and the thief was within two yards of her when she carried the money across the sidewalk in her hand bag. The newspaper which defended me for arresting Turner used this fact to show the danger of letting such men run loose in the banking district.

All this naturally came back to my mind when I saw Mrs. Holden go into the bank in such a hurry, and so I stepped up to the door not more than three paces behind her. There is a partition along the right side of the bank reaching about halfway to the ceiling, and the space behind it is divided into offices.

The cashier's room is the third from the door, and as I looked in I saw a young man named Perry come out of that room just in time to meet Mrs.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY MONEY?"

Holden face to face. She stopped and stood straight, giving him a quick keen look. Then she pointed her finger at his breast as if it had been a pistol.

"What have you done with my money?" she demanded.

At this I went inside in double-quick time, and I stood just behind Perry. He seemed to be taken aback.

"What, sir?" he stammered. "I beg your pardon."

Mrs. Holden's voice was steady, but very high pitched when she repeated her question.

"I said, What have you done with my money?"

The cashier, Mr. Stover, came out of his room, and Mrs. Holden turned to him without waiting for Perry's reply.

"Mr. Stover," said she with a strained calmness, "my money is gone. This man has taken it."

Stover looked blanker than Perry. He did not know what the woman was talking about.

"Come into my room," said he. And at that moment he caught sight of me and made an inconspicuous sign that he would like my help.

I accepted Mr. Stover's invitation, and so did Mrs. Holden, but she took good care that Perry should enter the cashier's room ahead of her.

"Now, Mrs. Holden, what's the trouble?" said the cashier when we were all inside and the door was shut.

The lady cast a quick glance at me.

"Mr. Kelly, police detective," said Stover.

"I drew $18,000 from the bank five minutes ago," said she. "I put it into this bag and went out to my carriage. I had just got in when this man"—pointing to Perry—"came out and said that there had been a mistake in counting my money. He had some bills in his hand, and I naturally supposed that I had received too little. I gave him the bag, and he opened it right on my lap and counted the money slowly. 'That's queer,' said he and counted it again. I watched him and saw that the amount was right. There were ten $1,000 and sixteen $500 bills. He put them back into the bag and snapped the catch. 'I beg your pardon,' said he. 'The teller must have been mistaken.' He went into the bank, and I told the coachman to drive away. Just after the carriage started I thought I'd have a look at the money and count it myself. I opened the bag, and this was what I found."

As she said these words she laid the bag on the table and pulled out of it a roll of green paper in pieces cut to the size of bank notes. There were two one dollar greenbacks in the bunch. Presumably they had been on the outside of the green paper to give the roll a more genuine look. That is the way that the bunko game is usually worked, but I could hardly believe that this young man Perry had worked it.

Perry was a nephew of the cashier and had been rather wild, as I happened to know.

Stover did not seem to be the least bit anxious about this accusation against his nephew, but he was puzzled by the case as a whole, as I could see plainly enough.

"You're sure that the man who came to your carriage was Mr. Perry?" he asked. "Did you recognize him at the time?"

"I never saw him before," replied Mrs. Holden, "but I know him now."

She turned and pointed toward Perry, while she said slowly and with decision:

"I know that coat. I noticed the buttons particularly. I can't be mistaken."

Perry was wearing a white linen office coat of fine and peculiar texture, and when Mrs. Holden said she recognized him by that I was more impressed than if she had pretended to know his face. I had noticed all along that she was looking at the coat.

"I never saw another like it," said she. "Those are real pearl buttons," meaning mother-of-pearl, of course.

Now, some men might have thought that this was ridiculous, but to me it was convincing. By this sort of thing you know that a woman is telling the truth and giving the evidence just as it really exists in her own mind.

"Five minutes ago, ten minutes ago, twenty minutes ago!" said Stover impressively. "Mr. Perry was sitting in this room talking with me. He has been away on his vacation. He came back a little ahead of time this morning. He came into this room wearing street dress and carrying his hand baggage"—he pointed to it on the floor—"about half an hour before you made your charge against him. Not more than two minutes before that he left this room and went to his own, which is the one nearest the door. He changed his coat and came back, not having been out of my sight more than a minute. He looked in, and I said I'd be busy for a little while, so he went out and met you. I give you my word of honor that it is utterly impossible by your own story that Mr. Perry could have had anything to do with your loss."

That was clear enough, of course, and Mrs. Holden turned a bit pale, but she stuck to the one certain fact that she knew.

"Is there *another coat* like that in this bank?" she demanded. And Perry smiled and shook his head.

"We will now see whether any one was sent to your carriage," said Stover, touching a bell.

Of course it was easy enough to discover that no one had been sent.

"Mrs. Holden," said I, "who knew that you were going to draw this money?"

"Nobody," she replied, but there was a slight uncertainty in her tone.

"You came to the bank alone?"

"My stepson came with me."

This was Frank Holden, a young man who was disinherited by his father for excellent reasons, but had been treated very generously by his stepmother, as I had read in the newspapers. He was with her in the carriage on the previous occasion when I committed the awful outrage upon the liberties of the plain citizen by arresting "Doc" Turner.

"What has become of him?" I asked.

She was quite shrewd enough to see that I knew the reputation of her stepson.

"Mr. Holden left the carriage as soon as it stopped at the door of the bank," she answered. "He went across the street to buy a cigar."

"And you haven't seen him since?"

"Well, I've seen him," said she, "but he did not get back into the carriage."

"After you got in with your money?" said I. "Why didn't you drive right away?"

She looked at me keenly.

"It wasn't more than a minute," she said, "before the man came out of the bank."

"But if you hadn't waited just that minute," said I, "there'd have been no trouble."

She turned to Stover.

"If this man is trying to prove that my stepson stole my money," said she, "he is a stupid, as most detectives are. My stepson did not get into the carriage, as I have already told you."

"He crossed from the cigar store," said I, "and you were talking with him when the man came out of the bank."

"Yes," she replied, with a smile, "and my satchel was on my knees, and I had hold of it with both my hands. When the man began to count the money Mr. Holden went away."

"You mustn't think that I suspect him of taking the money," said I apologetically. "I've got a different theory altogether. Moreover, I believe that I can get it back. Will you wait here for me a few minutes?"

She said she would, and I went out and communicated with headquarters, using one of the bank's telephones. Then I started across to the cigar store which Mrs. Holden had mentioned, and, greatly to my surprise, I found Frank Holden over there. He was watching the bank from the window.

"Mr. Holden," said I, stepping in front of him, "did you know that your stepmother had been robbed?"

"Robbed!" he cried. "No." And he started away, but I caught him by his coat, which was not buttoned.

"Yes," said I. "She's over there in the bank, *in the cashier's room*. You'd better go over. She wants to see you."

I released him, and he ran across the street.

"Did that man buy a cigar of you?" I asked of the dealer. And he answered that Holden had bought one for a quarter of a dollar.

"Only one, eh?" said I to myself. "And he had three in his vest pocket. Yes, yes, he must have needed the cigar badly when he left the carriage."

I returned to the bank, and there was a lot of talk and [illegible] which

HE RAN STRAIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF MY PARTNER.

amounted to nothing. When it was all over Mrs. Holden went away in her carriage and young Mr. Holden went on foot. He told her that he was going to headquarters to see the chief of the detective bureau.

He really went there, I know, because I followed him. In fact, I wasn't very far away from him all that day, though he didn't know it. I wasn't quite the same sort of man to look at that I was when he saw me downtown.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon he led me to a house on the west side of town, *a lodging house for men*. He went up two flights of stairs and was going to knock at a door when it opened and the janitor came out.

"Where's the man who lives here?" asked Holden anxiously.

"Went away this afternoon," answered the janitor. And Holden said "What!" in a tone of voice that made the word sound like an oath.

Then I stepped up from the dark stairs and took the janitor by the sleeve and led him under a gas lamp.

"Did your lodger look anything like that?" said I and showed him a picture of my old friend, "Doc" Turner.

"That's the man," replied the janitor.

"Don't you worry," said I, turning to Holden. "He's given you the slip, all right, but he won't go far. Every bridge and road and ferryboat and car has been watched since 1 o'clock. He won't leave town. He'll be at headquarters in a little while if he's not there now."

"Who are you?" demanded Holden. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are a smart young man," said I. "When the newspapers wrote up 'Doc' Turner about two months ago in connection with my arresting him and told what a clever crook he was and a sleight of hand man, you thought that you were smart enough to see that such a slick rascal was worth knowing. So you hunted him up and told him that you could find out when your stepmother was going to draw some more money from the bank. Was there any way to get it?

"Well, 'Doc' Turner undoubtedly told you that there was always a way to get money. That's what he always says. So he loafed around the bank in that innocent way of his which I once so brutally interrupted, and finally he hatched up the scheme of sneaking into Perry's room, putting on Perry's coat, sticking a pen behind his ear and assuming to be an official of the bank sent out to count Mrs. Holden's money again. Of course it was no trouble at all for such a fellow to work the sleight of hand trick. Then he went back, took off Perry's coat, put on his own and his hat and vanished through the side door that leads into the hall of the Temple building. Am I right?"

I had purposely moved away from the head of the stairs, because I knew what Holden would do. He made a break for liberty, and of course he ran straight into the arms of my partner, who was waiting at the outer door. When we got to headquarters with him we found "Doc" Turner there. He had been caught with Mrs. Holden's money in his pocket.

Animals and Colors.

The theory has been advanced that the conspicuous colors developed in various species of snakes, insects and animals are nature's method of advertising the fact that such are poisonous, either in the bite or sting which they inflict, or that the flesh is unpalatable if used for food. The believers in this theory cite the wonderful display of colors in the eclaza wasp, the coral snake, the horridium fish and the Gila monster.

A Compromise.

"Haven't Henpeck and his wife settled their differences about their visiting cards?"

"Oh, yes; they've compromised on 'Mr. and Mrs. Marie Henpeck.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Syllogistic.

Teacher (of class of zoology)—What is the proof that a sponge is a living animal? Young Man With the Bad Eye—A man is a living animal. Many men are sponges. Therefore a sponge is a living animal.—Chicago Tribune.

ARCHERY AS A SPORT

THE IMPLEMENTS THAT ARE USED IN THIS ANCIENT PASTIME.

Besides Bow and Arrows Are a Quiver, Pouch, Belt, Tassel and Grease Pot, Arm Guard, Glove, Target and Score Card—The Rules.

The implements used in archery as a pastime are a bow, arrows, a quiver, a pouch, a belt, a tassel and grease pot, an arm guard, a shooting glove, a target and a scoring card.

The bow is usually from five to six feet in length, the strength being reckoned by pounds, varying from twenty-five to eighty, those used by gentlemen being in strength from fifty to eighty pounds, those for ladies from twenty-five to forty. *The former are made of* a single piece of yew or ash, the latter of lancewood or hickory, glued back to back.

In forming the bow the wood is gradually tapered, and at each end is a tip of horn, the one at the upper end being longer than the lower end, and one side of the bow is flat, called the "back," the other being rounded and called the "belly." Near the center, where the bow is held, it is bound with velvet, which part is called the "handle," and in each tip of horn is a notch for the string to rest in, called the "nock."

The string of the bow is manufactured of hemp or flax. The hemp strings wear the longest, though they stretch more at first, but, being more elastic, bear a harder pull. When it is necessary to fix a fresh string to the bow care must be taken not to break the composition. The tie should be cut, the eye worked at one end, held, the other part allowed to hang down and the eye passed over the upper end of the bow.

If for a lady it may be held from two to two and a half inches below the nock; if for a gentleman, half an inch lower, varying it according to the length and strength of the bow. The hand is then passed along the side of the bow and string to the bottom nock, round which the string is turned and fixed by the noose. When strung a lady's bow will have the string about five and a half inches from the belly of the bow, a gentleman's about half an inch more. The *part of the string opposite the handle* is bound round with waxed silk in order to prevent its being frayed by the arrow, which is sent from that point.

As soon as a string becomes too soft and the fibers too straight it must be rubbed with beeswax and a few turns given to it to shorten it and twist its *strands a little tighter*. A spare string should always be provided.

Arrows are variously formed, some being of uniform thickness throughout, others thicker in the center or larger at the point than at the feather end, the last shape being considered the best form for shooting. Arrows are made of white pine, having at one *end points of iron or brass firmly fixed* and usually a piece of heavy wood spliced on to the pine between it and the point, by which their flight is improved. At the other end a piece of horn is inserted, in which is a notch for the string, and they are armed with three feathers, one of which is of a different color from the others and is intended *to mark the proper position* of the arrow when placed on the string, this one always pointing from the bow.

To string the bow take it by the handle in the right hand and place the bottom end upon the ground, resting against the hollow of the inside of the right foot, keeping the flat side of the bow (called the back) toward you. The *left foot should be advanced* a little to the right, so placed that the bow cannot slip sideways. Place the heel of the left hand upon the upper limb of the bow, below the eye of the string. Now, while the fingers and thumb of the left hand slide this eye toward the notch in the horn and the heel pushes the limb away from the body, the right hand pulls the handle toward you, thus resisting the action of the left, by which the bow is bent, and at the same time the string is slipped into the nock, as the notch is termed. Care must be taken to keep the three outer fingers free from the string, for if the bow should slip from the hand and the string catch them they will be severely pinched.

If the bow has been lying by for some time it should be well rubbed with linseed oil before using it. To unstring the bow hold it as in stringing; then press down the upper limb exactly as before and as if you wished to place the eye of the string in a higher notch. This will loosen the *string and liberate the eye*, when it must be lifted out of the nock by the forefinger and suffered to slip down the limb. Before using the bow hold it in a perpendicular direction with the string toward you and see if the line of the string cuts the middle of the bow. If not, shift the eye and noose of the string to either side so as to make the two lines coincide. This precaution prevents a very common cause of defective shooting, which is the result of an uneven string throwing the arrow aside. After using the bow unstring it, and, if a large party is shooting, after every "end" it should be freed from its state of tension. But in this respect there is a great difference in different bows, some good ones soon getting cast from their true shape and others, though inferior bows in other respects, bearing any ordinary amount of tension without damage.

Two points must be attended to when taking aim—the lateral direction and the distance—since there is no bow which will drive an arrow many yards perfectly point blank, and consequently a slight elevation must in all cases be made, and for long distances with weak bows a very considerable elevation—that is, the bow must be raised above the point aimed at. The arrow cannot be shot straight at an object because it will, of course, be subject to the earth's attraction, and if shot straight at a mark will fall below it, and it therefore requires practice to manage the elevation properly, and much will depend on the exact strength of the bow and the distance of the shot. The lateral direction—that is, the slant to which the bow should be directed—depends greatly on the wind, if there is any, as the arrow is materially affected by the wind. Should it blow from the right hand the bow must incline toward it; to the left, if from the left.

The distance to which an arrow can be shot from a long bow, with an elevation of 45 degrees, depends on the strength and ability of the archer. The distance used to be reckoned from 220 to 240 yards. The Turks have always been celebrated for shooting to long distances, and the secretary to the Turkish ambassador in London shot in 1794 a distance of 415 yards. He used a Turkish bow and arrow and shot against the wind. With the wind the distance measured 482 yards. The *eyes should not be fixed on the arrow*, but at the mark. Keep both eyes open and look steadily forward, and raise or lower the bow in the proper direction. The targets are fixed opposite each other at about sixty yards apart. The arrows are shot first to one target, when the archers pick up or extract the arrows, and the marker *scores, for each before drawing from* the target, after which the archers shoot back again to the other end, and so on until the whole number of ends have been shot. Butts are also used to shoot at, being built of long mounds of turf about eight feet long and five wide, height of seven feet, the depth diminishing gradually from the *bottom to the top*.

When more than two are used, they are ranged in sets, each set consisting of four, about thirty yards apart, and forming a chain of lengths of 30, 60, 90 and 120 yards, but so disposed as not to stand in the way of the archers when shooting at any of the lengths.

Where archers rove from place to place and have no fixed target, it is called "roving." The archers shoot at trees or any other object that they choose. The winner of the first shot chooses the next, and so on, the distance being from 100 to 200 yards and all arrows falling within five bows' length scoring, if nearer to the mark than the adversary's arrow. The dress worn at archery meetings is very pretty and becoming. For ladies, green jackets and hats, with three pinned feathers, and for gentlemen, dark green, with green hat and feather, but this entirely depends upon the taste and inclination of the clubs.—New York Herald.

Worth's Panacea.

In the year 1884 great commercial distress was experienced throughout France, and M. Worth, the famous fashion originator and dressmaker, was called before a parliamentary committee instituted to inquire into the causes and asked for his theory and his remedy. The salaries of the president of the republic and the ministers, said the great man milliner, ought to be considerably raised because balls cost much more than dinners, and official people ought to be paid salaries handsome enough to enable them to give a great many balls. M. Grevy, said Worth in disgust, only gave two balls a year, and the crush was so great that ladies elected to wear their old dresses rather than buy new ones, which would most assuredly be spoiled in the crowd. Pay higher salaries, give more balls and ask fewer guests to each function—this was Worth's remedy. The ladies, relieved of the fear of a crush, would invest in new dresses, money would circulate, trade would revive and all would go as merrily as marriage bells.

The Ancient Spontoon.

A spontoon, a weapon similar to the halbert, was borne instead of a half pike by officers of British infantry till the year 1786. Pointed backward or forward, it gave the signal for advance or retreat, and planted upright in the ground it commanded a halt. Specimens can be seen in the Tower armory.

In the Morning Chronicle of April 15, 1786, there is a reference to its discontinuance: "Yesterday the officers who mounted guard for St. James', the Queen's House and Tilt yard were paraded with their swords drawn instead of the spontoon for the first time since the alteration took place, and we hear that the amendment (if it may be so called) is to take place among all the regiments belonging to his majesty."

In an old play Major Sturgeon says: "Oh, could you but see me salute! You have never a spontoon in the house?" "No," answers Sir Jacob, "but we could get you a shove pike."

The Great Mogul.

The greatest of the Mogul emperors of India was Akbar, born Oct. 14, 1542. He began to reign when he was but twelve years old and over three provinces only, but he extended his empire over nearly the whole of India. His wisdom and justice earned for him the title "Guardian of Mankind." His court at Agra was magnificent. Akbar's real name was Jelal ed Deen, but when he reached the height of his power he became known by the shorter name, which means very great or greatest, and in English he was called the great mogul. He is said to have kept 5,000 elephants, 12,000 choice horses and 1,000 hunting leopards. Akbar died in 1605, was buried in a magnificent mausoleum near Agra and was succeeded by his son.

Early Rising Royalty.

According to the following entry in Pepys' diary of March 7, 1669, royalty rose somewhat earlier in the day than is the custom now for the purposes of witnessing sport. Pepys says, "I hear that the king (Charles II.) and the Duke of York set out for Newmarket by 3 in the morning to see some foot and horse races."

Free Translation.

Mrs. Reeder—I wonder what this paper means by this: "Mr. Kadley's method of entertaining his guests was quite original and unconventional?" Mr. Reeder—It means simply that he is boorish, but has plenty of money.—Philadelphia Ledger.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE
REMEDY

Pleasant to Take,
Powerful to Cure,
And Welcome
In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 (six bottles $5.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS
and
DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice sweet piece of

Fresh,
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse,)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs
at Reasonable
Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn,
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport — Penn.
March 5, 1903.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general Blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

A CLEAN MAN.

Outside cleanliness is less than half the battle. A man may scrub himself a dozen times a day, and still be unclean. Good health means cleanliness not only outside, but inside. It means a clean stomach, clean bowels, clean blood, a clean liver, and new, clean, healthy tissues and fibers in every organ of the body. The man who is clean in this way will look it and act it. He will work with energy and think clean, clear, healthy thoughts.

He will never be troubled with liver, lung, stomach or blood disorders. Dyspepsia and indigestion originate in unclean stomachs. Blood diseases are found where there is unclean blood. Consumption and bronchitis mean unclean lungs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents these diseases. It makes a man's insides clean and healthy. It cleans the digestive organs, makes pure, clean blood, and clean, healthy flesh. It doesn't make the flabby fat of corpulency, but the firm flesh of health. It restores tone to the nervous system, and cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. It contains no alcohol to inebriate or create craving for injurious stimulants.

Mr. John L. Coughenour, of Glen Savage, Somerset Co., Pa., writes: "My appetite was unusually poor, and I was as weak and nervous as though I had been starved for months. My heart kept throbbing continually and I was short of breath. Finally I wrote to you for advice and you informed me that I had indigestion and a torpid liver. I did not think your diagnosis was right, but I ordered six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' from you and began its use. After using three bottles I began to improve slowly and soon went to work, and I have been working ever since."

Constipation is the most unclean uncleanliness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe.

THE BIG STORE.

Acme Washing Machine

Does More Work—Better Work—With Less Work Than Any Washing Machine on the Market.

Runs on Ball Bearings Without Effort—No Noise.

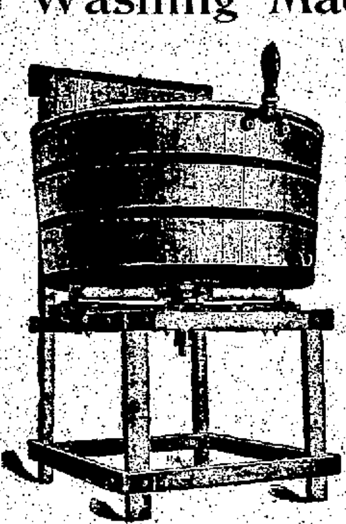
Simplicity Itself. Absolutely Nothing to Get Out of Order.

Will Wash Fine Fabrics Without Tearing or Breaking a Thread—the Heaviest Articles With Perfect Ease.

Wringer is Always in Place. It is Not Necessary to Detach.

Call and examine.

JOHN C. HAMLIN



McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 21, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Holmes & Gilfillan advertise the Jewel Heater this week.

—Fry & Comes are advertising a sale of decorated china in their ad this week. It will pay all to read it.

—The county convention of the W. C. T. U. will be held at Duke Center next Wednesday and Thursday.

—The advantage of buying clothing, Walk-over shoes and hats from Monheimer is set forth in his new ad.

—C. G. Mesler of this place fell through a hole in a sidewalk in Kane last week, but fortunately escaped serious injury.

—Dennis Lundergan, aged 52 years, died in Buffalo last Saturday. He was formerly an employe of the B., R. & P. Ry. in Bradford and had many friends in this section.

—A rumor to the effect that a young boy had fallen into the well near P. E. Abbey's house on Tuesday was set in motion. An investigation proved that the report was a fake.

—Get in with the crowds and come to the McKean County Fair to be held on the new fair grounds in Smethport on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6. Good sport every day.

—Efforts are being made to organize a football team in Smethport and at present the outlook is most encouraging. Candidates for the team are most cordially urged to report at Kane Field each afternoon at 4 o'clock.

—"The card of thanks" frequently printed in rural newspapers afford considerable amusement for the city journals. This ostentatious way of thanking people for little kindnesses rendered deserves all the ridicule it receives. If you owe anybody thanks and cannot see them personally, the proper thing to do is to write a letter.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

—Instead of beginning to blow glass this month the Eldred Window Glass Co. have been compelled to draw their fire and empty the tank. The brick lining of the tank did not withstand the intense heat and melted mixing with the glass, causing no end of trouble. It will take about five weeks to get the tank back into shape to use and the shut down at this time is a serious loss to the company.—Eagle.

Saved His Life.

This story is told, according to the [illegible] Herald, at the expense of the late General Wilmon W. Blackmar: General Blackmar was attending a camp when he was approached by a seedy-looking man, who greeted him profusely. The general shrugged his shoulders and turned away, with the remark that they were not acquainted. "Why, general," said the stranger, "don't you remember how you saved my life at the battle of the Wilderness?"

General Blackmar at once became interested and he called a group of comrades over to listen, saying: "I saved this man's life once. How was it done, old comrade?"

"It was this way," was the response. "We were on a hill and the enemy advanced steadily toward our intrenchments. A veritable hail of fire swept our position. Suddenly you turned"—here the auditors were absorbed and excited—"and ran, and I ran after you. I think that if you hadn't shown the example I would have been killed that day."

The French Peasant Woman.

She judges a picture with both hands on her hips, and when disapproval appears in her eye one trembles for the picture. When she is actually bored, she strides across the floor to an open window, puts her elbows on its balcony rail, lays her leathery chin on her leathery hands, crosses her sturdy legs, and in this street loafer attitude refreshes her mind. Her fist is capable of a sledge hammer blow. Her husband, yeoman though he is, would hardly be a match for her. He knows it and is visibly proud of it.

I have seen Whitechapel hags rouse their shriveled, bloated selves to fight like fiends, but she, if once she were roused, would fight like a god. In fact, she is a modern type of the plow woman of mythology. If Joan of Arc had been a peasant of this type there would have been no mystery about her military prowess. She is a masculine woman in the best sense.—Lippincott's Magazine.

An Arab In the Rain.

"Those who are not accustomed to rain are frightened by it," says a writer. "I once saw an Arab rained upon for the first time. He was abjectly terrified and demanded to have his passage paid from the country—Sicily—in which the dread phenomenon occurred. He had been conveyed from the Sahara, I think, by a European, whose servant he was, and he evidently thought his master was behaving abominably to him in permitting him to get wet. By the first steamer he returned to his native desert, abandoning excellent wages, and shaking the raindrops furiously from his slippered feet."

Death's Euphemisms.

I cannot tell when the custom arose, but I know that it was customary in New England less than a century ago to announce a suicide in the list of deaths by euphemism—as, "In this city, 1st inst., A. B., *suddenly*." It was so common that on seeing such a notice any one would understand at once that the deceased had taken his own life. Those were the days when newspapers understood and respected a certain degree of reserve in regard to personal feeling, whether of joy or sorrow. Individuals had some privacy.

Another euphemism in regard to death is the phrase, "If anything should happen." Persons speak of making their will or making any definite arrangement concerning their possessions, "In case anything should happen to them." The phrase is almost invariably used where death is hourly expected, certain things are to be done or certain persons called, "if anything should happen," meaning that one thing is sure to happen.—Journal of American Folk Lore.

The Scornful Caddie.

A very pompous, self sufficient and very bad golfer was once playing over an Irish course. He had as his caddie a battered old Irish peasant, with a very knowing twinkle in the corner of his eye. After each stroke—and each stroke was cried hard on the green turf of Ould Oireland—the vainglorious one said to his caddie in the most lordly fashion, "Replace the turf, caddie!" Quietly and patiently the caddie went through the performance, thinking volumes and saying nothing at all until the eighteenth was reached. Then, as the last duffed shot stumbled its way to the putting green and "Replace the turf, caddie!" rang in his ears for the last time, he turned with a look of ineffable scorn upon his august employer and said: "Arrah, is it replacing the turf you'll be bidding me to do? By the holy fly, it'll be returning the place we'll be all doing when you're gone!"—London King.

Bees as Acrobats.

When wax is needed a certain number of self elected citizens gorge with honey and hang up in chains or curtains, each bee clinging by her front feet to the hind feet of the one above her, like Japanese acrobats, and there they remain, sometimes for two days, until the wax scales appear pushed out from every pocket. It is not hard to understand that, since much honey is needed for the manufacture of wax, a bee after filling with the raw material would produce much more wax by keeping quiet than by using any of the gorged honey for energy in moving about and working. But the necessity of "holding hands" while this work goes on must ever remain to us another occult evidence of the close relations in the bee commune.—Country Life In America.

Sober England.

In nothing have the habits of English gentlemen more changed than in the use of wine. Time was when each plate and table was enfiladed, almost surrounded, by an escort of wineglasses, ranging from sherry to champagne and tapering thence to madeira and brandy—port, claret, burgundy, the red alternating with the white—and he was no good man and true who did not go through the list and survive it. Today at the great houses you may have what you want, but rarely more than three glasses are visible, for white wine, for red wine and for champagne. Apollinaris is largely in evidence. The fine old English gentleman who made it a merit to get drunk on port and to sober up on claret has disappeared.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nothing Is a Trifle!

The half-inch United States standard screw thread has thirteen turns per inch. Mr. Welsh, the original superintendent of the Westinghouse Air Brake works, used for the half inch bolt twelve threads instead of thirteen. This decision has proved to be a mistake, and the company would be glad to change it, but the immense number of brake equipments which are out all over the world, the constant call for repairs and extensions make it impossible.

Doubled Initials For Plurals.

Under the rule that the initial letter of a word is sometimes doubled to signify the plural, bb would be a proper abbreviation for barrels. Probably some one, unfamiliar with the rule and thinking the abbreviation too concise, as it might be mistaken for an abbreviation for boxes, bundles, bags or butts, made it bbl. for one barrel, and then, still ignorant of the rule, added an s for the plural, making it bbls. for more than one.—Boston Transcript.

Cicero's Wives.

Cicero had a shrew named Terentia, who made him do as she pleased. He was under great obligations to Clodius, but when the divorce suit of Caesar against Pompilia came up for trial Terentia compelled Cicero to appear against Clodius. Tired of Terentia, Cicero got a divorce and married a rich girl named Publilia, left her and lived alone until his death.

Pity the Widower.

From the Cock Constitution: "The friends of a respectable young widow want to get her housekeeping in a respectable widower's family. Understands her business." There seems a certain want of finesse in this latter statement.—London Punch.

She Told Him.

De Bore—Is Miss Lilliwhite in? Truthful Domestic—She's out, De Bore—Hum! Whom is she out with? Truthful Domestic—Out with you.

What Happened.

Counsel—Well, after the prisoner gave you the blow what happened? Prosecutor—He gave me a third one. Counsel—You mean a second one. Prosecutor—No, sir. I landed him the second one.

The Parvenu.

Wife—What is a parvenu? Hublet—That's what the man who got rich ten years ago calls the man who got rich yesterday.

A Troubled One.

It is said that the expression "There is a skeleton in every closet" arose from the following incident: A young Italian student, finding he was dying, fearing to break the news to his mother, adopted the following device: He informed her that he was ill and that it had been foretold he would not recover until he had worn a shirt made by a woman who had no trouble. The widow soon discovered it was no easy task to find such a person, but at length was referred to a lady who seemed surrounded with every comfort and happiness and possessed a husband who seemed devoted to her. The widow made known her request and for an answer was shown a closet where a skeleton hung suspended from a beam. She was told it was the remains of the lady's former lover, who from motives of jealousy had been slain by her husband, and that he compelled her to visit it every day. The widow concluded that no one was without trouble, that "there is a skeleton in every closet," and became reconciled to the approaching loss of her son.

Washington's Birthday.

The first known celebration of Washington's birthday was on Feb. 11, 1781. The old style date was still adhered to. This was during the lifetime of the first president and completed his fifty-third year. The following is from the Pennsylvania Packet of Philadelphia of the date of Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1781: "New York, Friday, Feb. 13.—Wednesday last being the birthday of his excellency General Washington the same was celebrated by all the true friends of American independence and constitutional liberty with that hilarity and manly decorum ever attendant on the sons of freedom. In the evening an entertainment was given on board the East India ship in this harbor to a very brilliant and respectable company, and a discharge of thirteen cannon was fired on the joyful occasion." The observance of the day was not confined to New York city.

Newton's Telescope.

Newton fashioned a concave mirror from a mixture of copper and tin, which gives a surface with almost the luster of silver. An image of the star was produced in the focus of this mirror, and then this image, when examined by a magnifying eyepiece permits the astronomer to study the star at what is equivalent to a greatly reduced distance. Such is the principle of the famous erecting telescope which bears the name of Newton. The little reflector which he constructed is still preserved as one of the treasures of the Royal society. The telescope tube had the very modest dimensions of an inch in diameter. It was, however, the precursor of a whole series of magnificent instruments, each outstripping the other in magnitude.

A Soft Answer.

Here is a story about Sir Patrick Talbot, sergeant at arms in the house of lords. He had been private secretary to the great Lord Derby when prime minister and afterward married one of his daughters. One day when a large party was present at Knowlsey Lord Derby burst out at table with the remark, "It's a curious thing one never knows what a lot of fools there are in England until one becomes prime minister." Thereupon Talbot, at the other end of the table, said, "Yes, and one never knows what a fool a prime minister may be until one becomes his private secretary." Lord Derby's reply was, "Thank you, Pat."—Dundee Advertiser.

The Rudest Man of His Age.

John Hunter, the famous British surgeon, anatomist, physiologist and medical writer, who died in 1793, was one of the rudest men of his age. He returned home late one evening from his round of professional calls and found his wife entertaining a few friends. Grimly he walked into the center of the room, stopped and looked around. "I knew nothing of this kick up," he said, "and ought to have been informed. As I have returned home for the purpose of studying, I hope the present company will retire at once." They retired.

Misers of Words.

We have the richest language that ever a people has accreted, and we use it as if it were the poorest. We hoard up our infinite wealth of words between the boards of dictionaries and in speech dole out the worn bronze coinage of our vocabulary. We are the misers of philological history, and when we can save our pennies and pass the counterfeit coin of slang we are as happy as if we heard a blind beggar thank us for putting a pewter sixpence into his hat.—"Morals of Marcus Ordeyne."

A Freak of Death Valley.

Saratoga springs is one of the freaks of Death valley and has probably caused more profanity than anything else in the region. The waters are as clear as crystal, and they bubble up from a deep, sandy basin like a wellspring of joy. But they are strongly impregnated with sulphur and other minerals, are tepid in temperature and act instantly like an emetic upon any one who drinks them.

He Was No Settler.

"I suppose that old chap with the long white whiskers over there is one of your old settlers, isn't he?" said the grocery drummer.

"I reckon he's what yew might call a old resident," rejoined the village merchant, "but he ain't no old settler. He's been a-owin' me for nigh on to thirty years."—Chicago News.

Baseball In the Bible.

Johnson—You say that you knows about the Bible? Well, what's in it about baseball, do yer knows? Walters—Why, dey ain't nuffin' in the Bible 'bout baseball, Johnson—Dey certainly am. Didn't Noah put the dove out on a long fly?—New York Times.

Coquetry and Civilization.

It is in a country in which the women are most coquettish that civilization has attained its zenith. It is to the coquetry of women that one owes the refinement of manners.—Boudoir.

Sex In Ants.

The different species of ants are pretty generally distributed over the globe, and on this account the naturalists infer that there is work for them to do in the great economy of the universe. In each colony males, females, neuters and sometimes soldiers are to be recognized. The males are invariably smaller than the females and, like those of the feminine gender, have wings in their original state. The neuters, which are the workers, are without wings in any of their transformations, and the soldiers are recognized by the armor plates on their heads.

Love of Work.

The love of work, which was one of the characteristics of the historian Froude, is well illustrated in a story told of his last illness. The cancerous affection of which he afterward died was slowly destroying his healthy and vigorous frame. At one time he seemed to be much better, and when the physician came to see him he noted the improvement and told his patient of it. Froude asked whether it was likely that he would be able to go back to his work again. On hearing that this was impossible he said: "If that is the case, I do not wish to live."

External Evidence.

Teacher—Of what country is the rhinoceros a native? Willie—England. Teacher—Oh, no! What makes you think so?—Willie—Th' way his clothes fit 'im.—Cleveland Leader.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

"No, Sir! You cannot palm off any substitutes on me. I've been using August Flower since I was a boy, and I'll have no other."

¶Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the worst enemies of health and happiness?

¶Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it is the best of all liver regulators?

¶August Flower has a matchless record of over 35 years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS

SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

—Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS

JEWELRY

CUT GLASS

HAND PAINTED CHINA

STATIONERY

PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES
AND
PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

"Show Me"

These are the days when statements must be proven. We want to prove this statement.

We can please you in the Tea and Coffee line.

Chase & Sanborn's Celebrated Coffees

18c, 20c, 25c and 35c per lb.
2 lb. sealed cans 75c.
White House Coffee per lb. 35c.

Tetley's Teas

India and Ceylon, ½ lb. pkg., 55c.
" " " " " 30c.
Black Salada, ½ lb. pkg., 25c.
Uncolored Japan and Gunpowder per lb. 50c.
Green Tea and Nibs, per lb. 40c.
Tea Dust, 2 lbs. for 25c.

Give these a trial.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

NEW FALL HATS

—AT—

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

We have on sale this week all the new shapes and most stylish effects in new fall millinery. A look at these hats will show you the popular styles to be worn this season.

All the summer shirt waist suits, skirts and cloaks will now be sold at manufacturers' prices to make room for the new fall goods. Now is the time to save money.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 21, 1905.

Republican Ticket

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Supreme Court Justice,
HON. JOHN STEWART,
of Chambersburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. E. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

NAN PATTERSON was married to Leon C. Martin, her divorced husband, last week. He was devoted to her while she was in the Tombs and their re-marriage is not a surprise to her friends.

As the result of an engineer disregarding running orders one man was killed and 25 injured in a head-on collision of two freight trains on the Southern Pacific railroad, followed by the rear end collision of two passenger trains at a point nine miles west of Beowawe, Nev., Tuesday night.

IT can now be stated that the exchange of ratifications of the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia will take place in Washington shortly after the treaty has been ratified by the respective sovereigns. It is probable that this will be done in the White House as a compliment to President Roosevelt, but no definite arrangements have been made nor has it been decided by whom the treaties shall be exchanged.

QUEER things have been happening in Italy as a consequence of the recent earthquake. A river suddenly disappeared in a huge fissure in the earth and later reappeared in its former channel and overflowed its banks. The fissure after having been opened was closed again. Mt. Vesuvious is very active and so is the crater on the Island of Stromboli. Numerous towns have been destroyed and the loss of life has been appalling.

THOSE W. C. T. U. ladies at Pittsburg who recently investigated the charge that President Roosevelt had accepted a gift of 60 bottles of beer from a brewing company, have learned that Mr. R. didn't accept the beer. Naturally they feel much gratification in this and in exonerating the President they declare that he is a dear, grand, glorious man. But what will his Dutch friends, who realize that in his veins flows the best blood of Holland, think of his refusal to the lager in question?

WE wish to say a word to the people of this county in regard to the McKean County Fair and Races and the McKean County Fair Association. This organization was formed early this spring with the sole intention of benefiting the farming and manufacturing interests of the county and making it known to the outside world that McKean county is one of the foremost and progressive counties in this great State of Pennsylvania. Public spirited citizens throughout the county have subscribed to this stock organization to the amount of $6,000, not with the expectation of realizing large dividends from their investment, but with the intention of advancing the interests of this county. This money has all been expended on the grounds and buildings and now it is the duty of the citizens of the entire county to boost the McKean County Fair in every possible way and make it self-supporting. The purses and premiums for the coming fair and races amount to over $3,100. The Harold Cox Amusement Co. costs $300, and the bands, other amusements and necessary expenses will run up to about $5,000, so it can easily be seen that no comparison should be made to the fairs held in this county years ago. If the people of this county give the fair the support it deserves it will be self-supporting and the McKean County Fairs will be permanent. The managers have done and are doing their very best and now it remains for the general public to place the stamp of approval on their work.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Sept. 16, 1905.

There is no little consternation in Washington because of the investigation now being carried on in various federal departments by the so-called "Keep Commission," the organization which the President called into existence and charged with the duty of investigating the methods of all the departments of the government with a view to recommending more business like methods and with the hope of effecting a saving in the transaction of the business of the government. The commission has not completed its investigation or formulated its report, so that no one knows what recommendations it will make, but the anxiety of employees in the several departments seems to afford evidence that the commission has found in numerous instances a condition of affairs which calls for radical changes with the probable pruning of considerable dead timber. Some employees of the government express no doubt that the commission will inform the President of the advisability of materially curtailing the working force in numerous federal offices. Assuming that such recommendations will be made, an assumption doubtless based on a knowledge that they are needed, these employees are filled with fear that their services will be dispensed with, or the force may be cut down, and that they will have to render an equivalent in work for the salaries they draw. The fear is also expressed that the Commission will suggest the reducing of salaries paid to men who perform the most ordinary class of clerical work.

To the uninitiated it might be difficult to understand the necessity for recommendations of this character but a word will suffice to explain. Before the days of civil service reform, when members of Congress dictated the appointment of government employees, there was never any disposition toward economy. On the contrary, when a member of the cabinet advised an assistant member of Congress that he had no place in which to put the Member's indigent sister-in-law or brother-in-law or protege, the Member promptly took steps to have such a place created, regardless of whether an additional employee was necessary to the proper performance of the government work or not. Salaries, moreover, were adjusted not according to the value of the work performed but according to the political influence of the employee. For instance, if it became necessary in the judgment of a politican to find a place for a negro incapable of reading or writing at a comfortable salary, in order to carry a doubtful congressional district, there would be created a place as "messenger" at $100 a month and the negro would then sit outside of some chief's door and run two or three errands a day—the class of work entrusted to $3 a week office boys in business houses—as long as his "influence" remained in Congress, perhaps longer. When civil service reform was extended to include all the employees of the federal department there was made no attempt to reduce salaries or change the personnel of the employees. In fact, the only way that the reformers managed to induce members of Congress to vote for such reform was by pointing out to them that it would insure their relatives and proteges from being disturbed in the event of a change of administration or a waning of their own political influence.

As late as 1800 a member of the cabinet who stood well in the estimation of the public always made it a point to ask Congress for several thousand dollars more than he actually needed to conduct the work he believed ought to be done by his department. His explanation of his course was simple. He said that members of Congress would not give him the funds properly to conduct his department unless there was "something in it for them." When therefore, he needed $5,000 to perform certain needed work he would ask for $7,400 and to get the provision through would promise an influential Senator and a like Representative to appoint such a person as each might dictate at a salary of $1,200 a year with "no inconvenient work to perform." In this way he got all he asked from Congress although it should be said that he was an honest official, according to his lights, and never profitted to the extent of one penny personally as a result of these "excess appropriations." In fact, he died a poor man.

President Roosevelt is the first Chief Executive who has had the courage to address himself to these evils and the fact that he had done so, while it has spread consternation among government employees, especially the less capable and less industrious, promises to effect a material saving of the public funds. The work of the Keep Commission will be a thankless task but it is one that should command the respect and gratitude of the American people. It has been a crying need since the days of Jackson perhaps since Washington.

An exceptionally creditable task has now been almost completed by sailors of the American navy. When the United States acquired by a treaty with Cuba a naval station at Guantanamo, a clause of that treaty required that the property to be held by the American navy should be fenced. When this work came to be done it was found that the fence would have to pass through water, over earth and rock. The tars of the Amphitrite have practically completed the task, constructing a fence "across mud flats where the water was knee-deep, over hills so steep that all material had to be carried by hand and over ground so hard that every post-hole had to be drilled with dynamite, that is, blasted out of the solid rock." Fence building under such conditions was a novel experience for jack-tars but the Navy Department is now informed that they have performed the work most creditably.

The report that this country was going to send a warship to Nicaragua "to rescue" the unfortunate Albers brothers who have been imprisoned for an alleged violation of the law, caused a tempest in a tea-pot in Washington, but there seems to be little foundation for the sensational reports first sent out. The only facts in the story are that United States Consul Lee, at Panama, has been ordered to go to Ocatel, Nicaragua, to be present at the trial of the Albers brothers with a view of seeing that they receive a fair trial, and that, there being no line of steamships between Panama and Corinto, the nearest seaport to Ocatel, Mr. Lee will be taken there on the gunboat, Princeton.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that on and after the 21st day of September, 1905 the Sewer Committee of the borough of Smethport, Pa., will receive bids for the following sewers to be constructed in said borough:—

FIRST.—Beginning at a point in Bank street 8 feet south of the center of said street and 400 feet east of the east line of Mechanic street; thence running east along Bank street 8 feet from center a distance of 1147½ feet to a point 5 feet west of the center of Nelson street; thence north along Nelson street 5 feet from the center thereof a further distance of 203 3-10 feet to the manhole in the Willow street sewer.

The said sewer above described to consist of 575 feet of 8-inch tile and fittings, and 835 8-10 feet of 10-inch tile. It will have two manholes lined with brick and having cast iron covers and frames.

SECOND.—Beginning at a point in Water street at the trunk sewer 9 2-10 feet west of west line of Union street 40 6-10 feet south of north line of Water street; thence south 87 degrees, 3 minutes west 120 feet; thence south 70 degrees, 30 minutes west 330 feet; thence north 84 degrees, 10 minutes west 346 feet to a point near the old B., B. & K. station; thence south 85 degrees, 50 minutes west 155 feet to a point in Washington street; thence south 75 degrees, 25 minutes west 725 feet to a point in Andrew McCain's lot 20 feet east of east line of Marvin street.

The last described sewer to consist of 1100 feet of 8-inch tile and fittings, 4 manholes and flush tank.

Plans and specifications for the above mentioned sewers may be seen at the Borough Council chambers. The said bids to close Monday, Oct. 23, 1905, at 12 noon.

The committee reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids. The contract to be awarded to the lowest and best bidder, Monday evening, Oct. 23, 1905.

E. H. BERRIMAN,
J. C. CUNNINGHAM,
A. A. ABBEY,
Committee.

Success!

If you want success you can prepare for it through Westbrook Academy. The record of this school is its reference. No use for "solicitors."

Twenty-fourth year began September 5th. Individual instruction. Students admitted at any time. H. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

Notice of Administration.

In the estate of Z. T. Carl, deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of Z. T. Carl, late of Keating township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Sheridan Gorton, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

SHERIDAN GORTON, Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 19, 1905.

If you must be extravagant go to a tailor.

But if you want to be well dressed; to wear clothes having quality, style and fit, and yet only pay a REASONABLE SUM you should buy your WINTER SUIT or OVERCOAT from us.

Glad to have you come and investigate the merits of our claims. Suits or Overcoats from $5.00 up to $17.50.

Walk-Over Shoes,
$3.50 and $4.00.

Soft and Stiff Hats
$1.50 to $3.00.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

You Will Come Back

and accept our bid. We are confident it can't be done for less and as a rule not as cheap. It's because we have special facilities for

HOT WATER HEATING

that enables us to do work cheaper than others. Again, we can do it cheaper now than later when we are rushed.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Geo. Smith & Co.
AUTOMOBILE & BICYCLE REPAIRING
Automobile Sundries
Nickel Plating
and Polishing.
257 N. Union St. Olean, N. Y.

NEW FALL HATS

Green is very nifty and I have them in three shades. Everything new in headgear at

$1.00 1.50 3.00

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

GO TO STORE OF
D. C. YOUNG
AND BUY YOUR
DRESS GOODS, SHIRT WAIST PATTERNS,
AND SO FORTH. NICE LINE TO SELECT FROM.
ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

Do not forget to look at bargain Counter while there.

When you have bought your goods select a pattern to cut them after. You will find here a complete line of the Ladies' Home Journal patterns. All the newest designs for cutting everything needed to wear. Chart Model furnished free with each pattern.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

June 27, 1905.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

H. C. WELLS
THE LEADING PHARMACIST
SMETHPORT, PA.

O, pickling, pickling time is here,
The busiest time of all the year,
We'll furnish before old memories fade,
For pickles like your grandmother made;
Vinegar, sugar and spice,
Onions and peppers, very nice.

Heinz Distilled Pickling Vinegar .... 35c gal.
Heinz Best Cider Vinegar .... 25c gal.
Mixed Pickling Spices .... 5c pkg.

Allspice, Cinnamon, Cloves, Mustard and Pepper, Celery, Mustard Seed, Tumeric.

FRUIT JARS.

Wier Pottery Co.'s Pat. Stone Jars. Royal, Doolittle and Mason Glass Jars. Jar Rings, Caps and Tips for Mason Jars. COME AND SEE US.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of
TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES
were never so complete.
It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.
INVESTIGATE.
McCoy's Drug Store

J. ODESSER
—DEALER IN—
TINWARE, GLASSWARE, NOTIONS,
—SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
SPECIAL BARGAINS in BROOMS, LAUNDRY SOAP, MATCHES.
CLOTHES PINS, 1c per doz.
Highest prices paid for Rags, Rubbers, Old Iron, Old Rope and Old Metal. Also best market prices for Hides and Furs of all kinds.
East Smethport Penn'a

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

NEW ARRIVALS.

MORE OF THE CELEBRATED DUCHESS DRESS SKIRTS.

New styles and weaves every day. These are Skirts that will please you.

COAT SUITS

Grey invisible plaids 45 in. long. Very new, $22.00. See our window.

ROYAL SHIRT WAISTS.

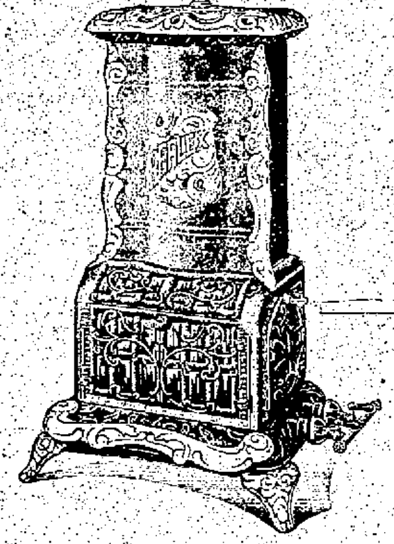
Fall line just in.

Ask also to see the Fall and Winter Styles of the Queen Quality Shoes.

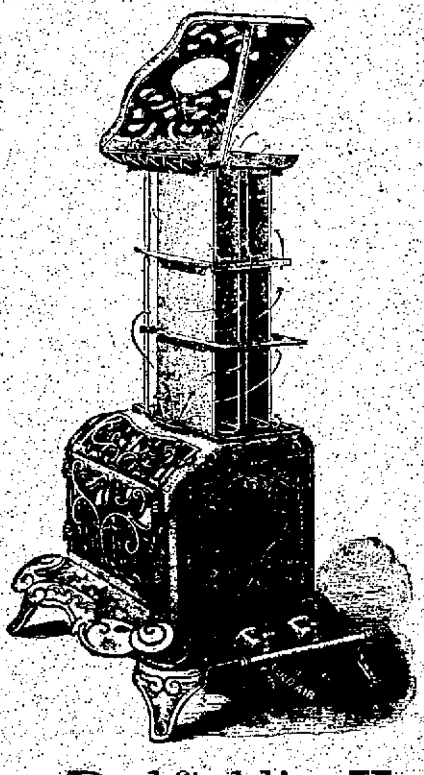
Don't forget our Boston Favorite Shoe, $2.00.

The Lindholm Co.

THE REFLEX.



The lower cut shows very plainly the special interior construction of the famous REFLEX Gas Heater. This construction points out both EFFICIENCY and ECONOMY. The very large area exposed for radiation is the strong and simple feature of the superiority of the REFLEX over all previously constructed gas heaters. Reference to the cut, showing sectional view of the heating drum, illustrates the long passages for hot-air circulation, so constructed that a complete warming of the cold air from the floor is produced with a minimum consumption of gas. The large mica surface in the combustion chamber secures the greatest possible radiation from that section. The bottom of the stove is so made that heating the floor directly underneath to the point of danger is avoided.



The REFLEX is made in five sizes. We have all five in stock. We want you to see this line before buying a heater.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 21, 1905

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The thermometer registered 32 degrees Tuesday.

—Mrs. R. E. Burdick entertained the Euchre Club Tuesday afternoon.

—A child of Leon Eperthener on Hilton avenue is ill with typhoid fever.

—Fry & Comes are making some necessary alterations in the interior of their store.

—James Quirk of the Model Restaurant has a new coffee urn which is a beauty as well as being very useful.

—The Smethport Hose Company is planning to conduct a ten cent dance in the hose house each evening of the fair.

—The Coudersport Democrat was a little premature last week in mentioning a Smethport wedding that had not at that time taken place.

—Miss Nellie Masser gave a plate shower for Miss Hafner last Saturday afternoon. Twenty guests were present and Miss Hafner was the recipient of many beautiful plates.

—The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the Epworth Chapel on Saturday, Sept. 23, at 3 o'clock.

—Supper will be served by the Ladies' Aid Society in Epworth chapel Tuesday, Sept. 26th, beginning at 5:30 o'clock. An invitation is extended to all.

—Owing to the date for the next meeting of the county grange conflicting with the dates of the McKean County Fair this grange meeting has been postponed until later in the season.

—A few ladies were pleasantly entertained by Mrs. J. Scott Walker at her home on King street last Saturday afternoon. The new and popular game of 500 was the amusement and refreshments were served.

—News has been received from Albert Lea, Minn., to the effect that a daughter was recently born to Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Patterson. They will receive congratulations from their host of friends in this place.

—The Epworth League Book Club will be re-organized this fall. The same plan will be used as before—any person willing to fulfill the conditions is eligible to membership. All those desiring to join, either old or new members, must send name and list of ten books to Carrie A. Day on or before Sept. 30th.

—Mrs. George Irons died at her home on the Marvin creek road last evening. She had been ill for some time but was apparently improving until last evening when was taken suddenly worse at the supper table and expired in a very few minutes.

—Thelma Blanche, the 10-months'-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Theetge, died at Camillus, N. Y., on Friday, Sept. 8. Mr. Theetge is a former Smethportite and his many friends will sympathize with him in the loss of his child.

—Judge John Ormerod of Potter county recently received the 33d degree in Masonry at Indianapolis. This is a high honor and one that but few can hope to receive. Judge Ormerod is the third Coudersport gentleman to receive this degree.

—Another old landmark of this place is being removed this week. Workmen are tearing down the old barn on the Backus lot at the corner of Water and Washington streets. Its removal will add much to the appearance of property in that vicinity.

—Dr. Willey will preach next Sunday morning from the subject "The Model Church and its Methods." This service will be preceded by the weekly class meeting at 10 a. m. and followed by the Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League vacation being over it will meet at 4 p. m.

—The Smethport baseball team was defeated at Bolivar yesterday by a score of 4 to 2, in a very interesting game. Kroh, formerly of the Coudersport Interstate League team, did the twirling for Bolivar and Denning occupied the box for Smethport. Both pitched nice ball and had fairly good support, although a couple of costly errors were responsible for most of the runs.

—Messrs. Beiler and Klingensmith, well known glassworkers of this place, are becoming experts in hunting woodchucks. Their friends claim they have a ten gallon keg of pickled groundhogs on hand, and the [illegible] declared their [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] crop of [illegible].

—Within the past few days a company, composed of W. Hilton, J. M. Hilton and J. C. Backus, has been formed for the purpose of manufacturing the Backus Safety Coat and Hat Hook and other sidewide novelties. The company will purchase machinery soon and expect to be ready to manufacture hooks by January 1st. An automobile repair shop will be run in connection with this plant.

—"Conformity vs. Transformity" will be the pastor's subject at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and "Hiding Among the Stuff" the evening subject. Morning worship at 10:45; bible school at 12; Junior C. E. at 4; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30; evening worship at 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock; covenant meeting, Sept. 27. All are invited to the services, strangers cordially welcome.

—If a number of our subscribers would send us checks, money orders or postal notes to the amount of their subscription it would save them the embarrassment of receiving bills in the near future. Nearly everyone who owes the MINER more than a year has a bill stowed away somewhere and if not the label on the paper shows the time you are paid to. Figure it up at $1.25 per year and send us the amount. We will guarantee to keep it in circulation and that, you know, makes good times.

—The annual reunion of the survivors of the old Bucktail regiment, which did such good fighting during the civil war, will be held in Curwensville on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 3 and 4. Curwensville is the home of Col. E. A. Irvin, who was made captain of the company recruited there early in 1861. Col. Irvin is the present lieutenant colonel of the regiment and many of the old soldiers will make a special effort to meet at the recruiting grounds, from which he led them to battle some 43 years ago.

—The Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, S. T. D., will administer confirmation in St. Luke's church on Monday evening, Oct. 2nd. The service will begin at 8 o'clock. The clergy of the northern convocation of the Diocese of Pittsburg will meet at the same time and place. The new rector of Erie, the Rev. J. M. McCann, will preach the sermon. There will be a reception for the bishop and visiting clergy in the parish house after the service. There will be services on Tuesday, Oct. 3d, at 7:30 and 9:30 a. m. and at 3:30 and 8 p. m. The subjects considered will be, "Public Worship," "Church Music," and "The Cultivation of the Spiritual Life." All the services and meetings for discussion of these subjects will be open to the public and all are cordially invited to attend.

I. O. O. F. at Philadelphia.

On account of the meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., to be held at Philadelphia, Pa., September 16 to 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Philadelphia, September 15 to 19, inclusive, good returning until September 25, inclusive, from all stations on its lines in the State of Pennsylvania at greatly reduced rates. An extension of return limit to October 5 may be obtained upon all tickets from points over one hundred miles distant from Philadelphia by payment of fee of $1 to Joint Agent, in whose hands all such tickets must be deposited immediately upon arrival at Philadelphia. Such tickets will be good for return passage upon date of withdrawal from Joint Agent. For specific rates and further information apply to nearest Pennsylvania railroad ticket agent.

Still a few potato crates at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Heaters of all kinds at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Personal Mention.

J. Lawrence Morrison had business in Bradford yesterday.

Mrs. E. A. Riggall is visiting relatives in Sistersville, W. Va.

Miss Stella Gleever of Buffalo is visiting Miss Edith Young.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin visited relatives in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burdick left yesterday for a visit to Buffalo.

John Todd and Edward Riggall are in Buffalo on business this week.

Miss Josephine Montague was the guest of friends in Mt. Jewett Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. McCandless are sojourning at Cambridge Springs.

Mrs. F. M. D. Watkins, Jr., of St. Marys is visiting relatives in town.

S. H. Horner of Angelica, N. Y., was the guest of friends in town Sunday.

Mandus Jackson of Pittsburg is visiting old friends in town for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clarke left this week for a sojourn at Cambridge Springs.

Mrs. A. S. Moorehouse left Monday for a visit to her parents in Wheeling, W. Va.

Dr. C. F. Elliott of Mt. Jewett was the guest of Smethport friends on Wednesday last.

A. T. Wilson of Angelica, N. Y., was the guest of his son, Dr. G. A. Wilson on Sunday.

Horace B. King returned to Lewisburg Tuesday to resume his studies in Bucknell College.

Miss Mildred Young of Olean was the guest of Miss Nellie Masser for a few days this week.

Miss Bertha Leighton returned last evening from a week's visit with relatives in Hallton.

H. M. McQuiston of Sanborn, Vera Cruz, Mexico, is visiting at the home of Dr. H. L. McCoy.

A. L. Hughes is enjoying two weeks' vacation with relatives and friends in Punxsutawney, Pa.

T. H. Pancoast is in Boston and other eastern cities in the interest of the [illegible] Bottle Co.

Miss Mabel Victoria Fairfield of New York City is the guest of the Misses [illegible] of Potter street.

Mrs. Leonard S. Briggs and little son, Franklin, of New York are visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McAhon of East Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Wolters of Manistee, Mich., visited at the home of Mr. Wolters' mother, Mrs. Alice McClure, a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young, daughter, Miss Lois, E. T. Newman and Harry Mosser returned home Sunday from an extended automobile tour.

Misses Sarah Greer, Alice Daly and Stella Rubin and Messrs. Bevier Eckert, Harry Haley and Frank Dunbar were Port Allegany visitors Sunday.

H. C. Sasse left last Friday for the Case School of Applied Sciences in Cleveland, Ohio, where he will take a four years' course in electrical engineering.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, infant son and nurse departed for their home in Parkersburg, W. Va., Monday after passing the summer at the residence of John Forrest.

Mrs. C. Bosworth, daughter, Miss Charlotte, and son, Hamlin, who have been making an extended visit with relatives in this place, have returned home to Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Blanche McAhon and son, Clinton, of Olean, who have been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McAhon of East Smethport, returned to their home Tuesday.

For Sale.

The north part of the Curtis place, owned by M. C. Stickles, now the property of Jacob Stickles. For particulars inquire of

Fred Stickles, East Smethport, Pa.

The first showing in Fall

NECKWEAR BELTS and PURSES.

Have added to my line

SHETLAND FLOSS and GERMANTOWN

Yarns in all the late shades.

MARY L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS
CONSUMPTION

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c.

BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

700 Pieces of Decorated China for 10 cents each

Like many of our most important offerings this line will be exhibited in our basement annex where space will allow its display to the best advantage. There is always something of decided interest there—this offering is especially so.

Ten cents is a small price to charge for these china pieces—they were intended to sell for much more than that. Try to duplicate them at twenty-five cents—for beauty and quality, then you will realize the lowness of our price—10c. We give a list of the pieces to be found in the gathering.

CUPS and SAUCERS, CREAMERS, SUGARS, SPOONERS, TEA POTS, MUGS, PLATES, CELERY DISHES, CRACKER JARS, OAT MEAL and SAUCE DISHES, SALADS, Etc.

See the big window display. The goods will not be on sale until

FRIDAY MORNING AT 9 O'CLOCK.

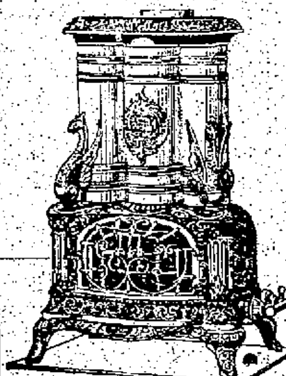
You'll Doubtless be Interested

to know that the New Fall Things are arriving: Skirts, Waists, Petticoats, Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Neckwear, Belts, etc. More about them next week.

FRY & COMES.

Are you prepared to welcome the coming winter?

If you install our excellent Heaters in your home we guarantee satisfaction.



The Celebrated Jewel Heaters $4.50 up.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top
SMETHPORT - PENN'A.

OUR REGULAR SEPTEMBER REDUCTION SALE is now on.

EVERYTHING at reduced Prices including DIAMONDS

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.
Bell Phone 473.

An Experiment In Telepathy

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

Copyright, 1905, by Virginia Leila Wentz

Young Mrs. Trevor was dangling a cherry by its stalk just above her pretty lips and making little snaps at it.

"Why did we do it?" she asked at last abruptly, breaking the silence. She looked across the breakfast table with some reproach at her husband. Mr. Trevor was reading his newspaper and sipping his coffee with a comfortable indifference.

"Eh?" asked he blankly, laying down his paper with the regretful air of a man who has left the stock market unread. "Do it? Do what?"

"Why ever in the world did we get married? Clearly it was all a blunder. You can't help but see that our marriage has been a failure. Certainly we don't love each other any more, and certainly neither of us is happy."

Mr. Trevor nodded assent, stroking his chin in a way that meant he was really troubled. Even the clerks in his office knew that sign, but it conveyed nothing to his wife.

There was a considerable pause, while Julie Trevor softly pushed back her chair, and, crossing the room, settled herself comfortably on a bamboo sofa, just out of range of the sunlight. With her dimpled chin propped on the palm of one hand, she gazed pensively out of the east window, where the spires of St. Patrick's cathedral struck clear against the sky line in the morning flood of gold.

"Have to go to Chicago tomorrow on business. Want to come with me?" queried her husband brusquely, breaking the pause. "We haven't been there together since the fair, you know."

"Then our honeymoon was new and bright," observed Julie meditatively. "Wasn't it beautiful?"

"The moon?" asked he.

"Of course not," said she. "The fair, the buildings, the exposition grounds, the water, the magnificent night displays. They say there's hardly a trace of it left now."

"A bit like our honeymoon, eh, little woman?"

"Do you remember," answered Julie, her eyes still fixed vaguely upon the cathedral spires, "how we used to drift and drift around the lagoons in the gondolas as the dusk settled over the great ivory colored palaces? And later, when the myriad of lights came out and were reflected in the water? And how the gondolier lazily but gracefully swept his oar and sang Venetian barcarolles? And," she added with a slight sigh, forgetting the spires and turning to her husband, "we fancied somehow we were happy then. Well, we were living in a fool's paradise."

"A BIT LIKE OUR HONEYMOON, EH, LITTLE WOMAN?"

"Was it a fool's paradise?" questioned he. "It's so long ago. Anyhow, we'll go and visit the old spot."

"Jim, what made us get tired of each other, I wonder?" said she after another pause, during which her husband had been watching fondly the little tendrils and curls of her hair as an enterprising gleam of sunlight touched them.

"Well, it was a bit like this," he replied quietly. "The third time I came home drunk to you from the club"—

"Oh, Jim Trevor, you never came home to me drunk in your life! You"—

"H'm! Didn't I? Well, then, I was a brute to you in some way, or"—

"Jim, you're a donkey!" laughed Mrs. Trevor, entering into the spirit of his humor. "You see," she said presently, playing with her wedding ring, "we just grew tired of each other, that's all. But—let's don't talk about disagreeable things. Let's plan our trip for tomorrow! Or are you in a hurry to get downtown to business as usual?"

He answered her smiling inquiry with an equally smiling negative shake of the head.

"Let's plan our trip, by all means," said he. "Shall we take the great lakes route again or would you prefer"—

"The great lakes route—yes, indeed!" interrupted Julie, rising on her elbow in her interest. "I do love the water! Do you remember how we enjoyed it that other time? The moonlight evenings on deck"—

"But," threw in Trevor, "you probably wouldn't sit on deck now and go to sleep with your head on my shoulder as you did on one of those same moonlight nights, would you? You see I do remember," he added gravely, pushing his chair out of the sunlight into the shadow of the palms in the east window.

"We used to sit there on that dear old deck for hours, Jim, without uttering a single word, didn't we? Just fancy!"

"We could do that now, too, I dare say," returned he dryly.

"Ah, but that was because we were both so happy that there was no need of speech!" explained Julie sweetly. "When you pressed my hand—the hand you used to kiss so often!"—

She broke off and looked at her hand, firm and white and decked with exquisite rings of curious workmanship. Noticing that her husband's eyes were upon it, too, she regretted it, but consoled herself with the thought that he was utterly unobservant, an idea which she had assumed to be true for so long that she never questioned it nowadays.

"And I in return pressed yours," finished she, with just a touch of confusion. "Why, it meant just as much as any more words. Do you know I wonder sometimes"—

Her voice trailed off vaguely, and she sunk back again among the cushions on the bamboo sofa.

"I wonder if that kind of telepathy would work now, Julie?"

Something in Trevor's voice reminded her of the old days when they were first married, and she had failed to notice that their marriage had been a "failure" and that it was "all a blunder." Life had been easy then, and now it was all very complicated, and she was very tired. In spite of her will her eyes filled with tears, and she buried her face in the pillows.

There was an awkward silence, broken at last by her husband's crossing over to the bamboo sofa and standing beside her. Gently but firmly he pressed the palm of one of her hands.

"Now, dear?" he asked tentatively.

"Well," said she, struggling one last moment to regain her customary lightness and pressing his big hand timidly in return, "does the experiment in telepathy work?"

He took his hand from his eyes sharply, the hand that was disengaged. He cleared his throat, but the words wouldn't come just yet.

"Now," whispered Julie, pressing his hand timidly again, "now, if you please, sir, what am I thinking? Can you tell me?"

Then Trevor did a thing he hadn't done for several years. He dropped on one knee and put an arm about his wife masterfully.

"Yes, dear," he said, his habitually even voice playing him a strange little trick, "you're thinking what a pair of fools we've been to make ourselves believe that we didn't love each other, when"—

Julie withdrew her hand from his for a second to make a dab at her eyes with a foolish bit of cambric.

"—deep down in our hearts," continued Trevor quietly, "we really did *all* the time, only we were too proud or too blind to admit it. Isn't it so? Isn't that what you're thinking, little woman?"

Suddenly Julie propped herself again on one elbow and regarded her husband critically. The critical look widened into one of wonderment.

Then, in absolute surrender, she laid her pretty flushed face against his broad shoulder and clasped her arm about his neck.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried. "How ever did you guess it?"

"Why, by that experiment in telepathy," he answered oddly from somewhere down among the coils of her fluffy hair.

Breaking It Gently.

A peculiar instance of breaking a misfortune "gently" belongs to the life of the young man who was Earl of Barrymore in the eighteenth century. Soon after he had become a pupil at Eton his grandmother, the Countess of Harrington, died, and the head master of the school was asked to break the news gently to his sensitive pupil.

The master called the boy into the class room and asked him, with an austere air, a series of questions in regard to his studies and then commanded him to construe some lines from Virgil. Before the task had been accomplished he informed the pupil somewhat harshly:

"Your grandmother is ill, my lord," but in the same breath bade him go on with his Latin. After a few more lines had been construed he stopped him again with the assertion:

"She is very ill, my lord!"

The earl expressed his grief, but was again ordered to proceed with his task. He obeyed, but was interrupted the next moment by his master's exclamation:

"She's dying, my lord!"

"What! Dying?" cried the bewildered youth.

"Come, come, my lord!" said the learned pedagogue. "She is dead! Now you know the worst. Go to your seat and make the best of an irretrievable misfortune!"

The Military Salute.

The military salute required in almost all civilized countries is nearly the same. Perhaps in Germany, however, the regulations are somewhat more stringent. A soldier on meeting the emperor has to stand still, face about and remain with hand raised for from twelve to twenty paces before his majesty approaches and for the same distance after he has passed. In Belgium an officer has to do the same thing for the king and subalterns for generals, though ten paces only are required for the latter case. Soldiers carrying anything so that their hands are quite occupied salute with their eyes—that is, they turn their heads in the direction of the person coming and going. French officers raise their caps to each other, but the privates do as the privates in other armies do.—London Standard.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

STEAMSHIP VERMIN.

The Way Ocean Liners Are Rid of Rats and Roaches.

Rat and roach catching at the steamer docks and on ocean liners is one of the queer ways men have of making a living. And a good living they make at it, too—sometimes as much as $10,000 a year. The men who do it never advertise, because the business does not sound as well as it pays, and a man whose house is built out of dead rats and cockroaches would just as soon not have his neighbors know it.

Once a year docks and piers are turned over to the rat catcher for a night. The man who has made a fortune at the business in New York still works with his men, for the secret of the business is his, and he trusts it to no one. Rats run everywhere, but roaches have a special liking for rope lockers, and here they swarm by tens of thousands unless the pier owners have a contract with the rat and roach catcher, who, after a thorough overhauling, guarantees freedom from the pests for a year.

Whenever an ocean liner reaches port, whether on this side or the other, it is turned over for a night to this same man. Cats do much toward keeping ships clear of rats, but, of course, have no effect on roaches. On this side of the Atlantic roach catching is the more important branch of the business, while on the other side wharfs are almost as full of rat catchers as the ships are of rats.

These once worked with ferrets, but now they use chemicals. Large cagelike traps are used, in which lettuce leaves are placed after being sprinkled with a liquid—only the catcher knows what.

Whatever it is, it is as irresistible to rats as the weird piping of the pied piper was to the rats of Hamelin town. No matter how choice the food in the lockers and in the hold, the rats leave it instantly when they smell the mysterious liquid on the lettuce leaves. It does not kill the rats, and herein lies another secret of the profits of the business. Live rats are worth money in England, where they are used for training terriers. Dead rats are worth money, too, as their skins are used for gloves. At 5 or 6 cents apiece, forty or fifty rats mean something, and this is quite a usual catch.

For roaches a powder is used, but what puzzles all old sailors who used to have the job of clearing ships of roaches is that there are never any dead ones lying around next morning. The favorite way of the sailors when they had to catch roaches was to put a "gob" of bread on top of a coil of rope. Very quickly it would be covered with hungry brown bugs, and these they knocked into a well greased biscuit pan. The grease kept the roaches from crawling up the sides, and it was a poor roach catcher who would not have two or three inches of roaches when he was through, and in a few days he could begin and do it all over again.—New York Herald.

False Faces.

"What becomes of all the false faces?" asked the city salesman. "Who wears them? There are lots of them made. A trip on the elevated roads gives peeps into many doors where dozens of workmen do nothing year in and year out but make false faces. The output must be sufficient to enable the entire population to go about dressed for a continuous carnival. On Thanksgiving and a few other fete days masks are in demand, but the rest of the time most of us are content to show our natural countenances. That comparatively light local trade, even when swelled by the year round trade of small shops in populous districts, leaves a tremendous quantity of false faces to be accounted for."—New York Press.

Kept Her Joking Promise.

It is related of Lady Penelope Darcey that she was wooed by three suitors at the same time, who had determined to fight as to which should possess her hand. This fact coming to her knowledge, she positively forbade them to fight under pain of her great displeasure and laughingly remarked that if they would have patience to wait she would marry them all. Strange to say, she fulfilled her promise, as she married, first, Sir George Trenchard of Wolverton; second, Sir John Gage of Firle, and, third, Sir William Hervey of Ickworth, the very gentlemen who had determined to fight for her hand.

Number of Feet a Second.

Few men could tell if they were asked how many feet per second they walk. A press photographer whose work requires him to know all manner of speeds said:

"The average man walks four feet per second. A dog on its ordinary jog goes eight feet a second. A horse trots twelve feet a second. A reindeer over the ice makes twenty-six feet. A race horse makes forty-three feet. A sailing ship makes fourteen feet."—Chicago Chronicle.

Seems Otherwise at the Track.

"Wealth does not bring happiness," said the ready made philosopher.

"Maybe not," answered the man who frequents the race track, "but when I compare the facial expression of a person who has won with that of a person who has lost I have my doubts."—Washington Star.

Rebuking His Presumption.

The girl with the auburn hair had suffered him to put his arm on the back of the seat, but when he tried to take her hand she drew it away.

"Mr. Spoonall," she said, "you mustn't try to stretch a base hit into a three bagger."—Chicago Tribune.

Many foolish things fall from wise men if they speak in haste or be extemporal.—Ben Jonson.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

THE ASTERIA.

Interesting Data About the Magic Star Gem of Ceylon.

Familiar to some of the ancient writers and credited with supernatural powers, the asteria, or star gem, was highly valued for the benefits supposed to be *conferred on the wearer*. Its bright, six rayed star, ever changing and shifting with every play of light, and especially shooting out its flames in the direct sunlight, would seem to be something more than an ordinary crystal, and to the superstitious mind it could readily be believed to embody some fairie spirit. The particular virtue attributed to this gem was the conferring upon the wearer of "health and good fortune" when worn as an amulet, and to those fortunate to be born in the month of April, with which the stone was associated or represented, the wearer was insured from all evils. The star stone is found principally in Ceylon, invariably in soil peculiar to rubies and sapphires. Indeed it is composed of the same constituent, "corundum," its chatoyant, or star rays, being caused by the pressure of what the natives call "silk." *It is found in many different colors*, from pale blue, pink and white to deep dark blue, ruby and purple. The blue are termed sapphire stars, the red ruby stars. It is always cut en cabochon, the star dividing into six rays at the apex. It is next in hardness to the diamond.

The "Moorman" of Colombo, with tools as rude and simple as his forefathers used 1,000 years before, with no training or instruction except the unwritten mysteries of the craft handed down from father to son, will produce the most wonderful results in cutting and polishing gems and in many instances rival the more educated lapidary of Europe for judgment in cutting gems to the greatest advantage.—London Graphic.

QUEER THINGS IN POLAND.

Superstition Plays a Leading Role With Young Men and Maidens.

It is customary in Polish villages to strew straw over the Christmas eve supper tables and for the young people, blindfolded or in the dark, to pick out each a straw therefrom. Should the straw be green the lucky maiden expects to wear a bridal wreath or the youth to lead a blushing bride to the altar during the approaching year, but a dried straw foretells to either long waiting, possibly even until death.

In other rural Polish districts on the "Christ's eve" wine, beer and water are placed by a girl between two candles on a table. She then retires into a corner or an adjoining room to watch *the result* reflected in a mirror hung for this purpose. If as the clock strikes midnight a man enters and drinks the wine she is happy, for her wooer will be rich. Should he drink the beer, she may be content, for the wooer will be well to do. If the water be chosen her husband will be very poor. But if as the clock strikes no man comes to her table the anxious maiden shivers with more than midnight terror, believing that she is doomed to be early the bride of death.

Poland is peculiarly rich in these observances, spreading themselves throughout the year, both sexes being equally superstitious in this respect. On New Year's eve the young unmarried men place themselves before a fire and, bending down, look beneath their legs. Should a woman appear in the background it is the one they will marry, but if they see a shape as of a coffin it forebodes for them death during the year close at hand.

Birds' Names.

There are some odd names for game birds on the Chesapeake. A small shy snipe that flies with a twittering noise is called the horsefoot snipe because of its fondness for the horsefoot or horseshoe crab. It is called also the turnstone from its habit of overturning pebbles in search of food. The telltale snipe bears that name because it always sounds a note of alarm at the sight of a gunner. Chesapeake gunners believe that a single telltale can clear a whole region of game birds. The widgeon is locally called the baldpate, and the willet is so called because of its cry—will-will-willet.

Classical Advertising.

It seems curious to American ideas to know that there is a firm of house decorators in London which has been mentioned by some of the most eminent English writers. It started in 1695, and Jane Austen, Thackeray and Lord Lytton are among the many writers who have placed their heroes or heroines in rooms decorated by this firm. This might be called classic advertising.—New York Tribune.

Trade Superstitions.

Dressmakers will not "fit" with black pins and regard it as unlucky to tack with green cotton. Milliners regard as of happy augury the drop of blood falling on a hat from a pricked finger.—Notes and Queries.

Shamed.

Old Smithers—You're a disgrace to your family, sir. I'm almost ashamed to call you my son. Young Smithers—Say nothing, dad. I'm as much ashamed of it as you are.—Boston Transcript.

When Love Began.

"How long have you been in love with him?"

"Ever since I rejected him."—Life.

The first thing to do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work.—Success Magazine.

The soft heart is often a safer, because a kindlier guide than the hard heart.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKean, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Register—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Recorder—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Gilfillin, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Comm'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Leon Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKenna, A. A. Abbey, Jesse Roddey, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, Treas.; Sheridan Gorton, Sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Wylie.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GEO. B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 18, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 31, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord B. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north:
Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:15 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m.; New York 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 2:30 a. m. Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:45 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sunday) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to *Philadelphia* and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days (10:38 a. m. Sunday) Baltimore 7:20 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled *Buffet sleeping cars* and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:30 p. m.—Train 15, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
2:20	Ridgway	11:55
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
2:50	Glen Hazel	11:25
3:07	Straight	11:07
3:12	Dagastee	10:59
3:20	Swift's Run	10:52
3:21	Wostrum	10:45
3:30	Clermont	10:40
P. M.		
		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:15 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11:55 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:30 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20		5:45
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:55	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:55	6:55
Leave	**a. m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	7:00		4:25
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:30	11:20	5:00

Arriving at Smethport at 8:30 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & A. B. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen. Supt., Bradford.
R. S. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

Effective Jan. 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:40 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:38 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:48 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:30 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:03 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:35 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:05 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt., St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward				STATIONS	L'v Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar		Dp A.M.	P.M.	A.M
8.05	7.05	2.10		Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10		Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.16
7.46	o	1.57		Carpenter	o	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53		Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.20
7.37	6.45	1.50		New'fd Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45		Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41		Gold	7.44	2.49	9.45
7.00	6.30	1.35		Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24		Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.0
6.40	6.17	1.20		Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12		Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05		N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		Coudersport.			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.26
o	o	12.13		Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09		Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05		Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59		Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55		Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47		Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41		Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o		Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36		Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

TH
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Bradin's Double Patent

By CHARLES MATTHEWS

Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure

"Business ability!" snorted Walter Wagner. "Why, my dear Mr. Bradin, I venture to say that were dollars selling at 10 cents each you would not be a purchaser."

"For two excellent reasons," admitted Bradin; "in the first place I have all I want, and in the second the green goods swindle is not new, even to such a hopeless business man as myself."

"I meant legal tender," corrected Wagner. "Show me $10,000 you have earned without assistance and I shall be ready to talk your proposal over."

"But"—began Bradin.

"Send in Mr. Horton," said Wagner to the office boy, who had entered in response to the bell. Bradin rose.

"I suppose that means my dismissal,"

[illegible]" he said quietly. "[illegible] courtesy of [illegible]. I shall bring [illegible] in a few days."

He hurried from the office, fearful lest the banker's [illegible] provoke him to a hasty speech. Wagner and Bradin's father had long been commercial enemies. He could not understand why this dislike should extend to himself.

The fact that he was not a business man should not have been deemed sufficient cause for refusing to consider his proposal for Norma Wagner's hand. The fortune left by his father was so well invested that an ample income was assured, and they loved each other very dearly.

His blood was hot with anger as he strode up the street and had he not run into Billy Pierce he would have passed him without a word. As it was the shock of collision roused him and they stood for a moment chatting on the curb.

"Well, I've got to be getting along," said Pierce after a pause. "I've an engagement with Walter Wagner."

"Well, well," laughed Bradin. "You must be getting up in the world to have appointments with financial magnates."

"Not quite that, Frank," he said. "It's about a patent Wagner wants to buy. He's holding off to get it cheap. It's no good to me and he knows it. He's waiting until I am forced to sell."

"Hard up?"

"A little," admitted Pierce. "You see, it's been a costly job developing this idea."

"What is it?" demanded Bradin.

Pierce drew the patent office drawings from his pocket. "It's a machine for stripping the fiber from cactus plants. It's used in making rope. Wagner is the head of the American Rope company, the trust, you know. I shall have to sell to him or let it lie. He controls all the companies."

"What's the difference between what you want to get and what he wants to give?"

"I thought I should get at least $60,000 and a small royalty. He is willing to give the royalty, but he wants to get it for forty."

"I'll give you $60,000," offered Bradin, "and arrange about the royalty. Come over to the Gourmet and have lunch and I'll write you a check."

Two days later he was with Wagner again. "Well," demanded the banker, "have you made that money already?"

"No," admitted Bradin. "I came in to see if you would help me out. I have a device for making rope out of cactus fiber. Beats sisal all hollow and at half the cost. I want a hundred thousand and a royalty."

"I know where I can get one for half of that," declared Wagner, "and I don't mind telling you that its salient feature is so sweeping that no other machine can be patented that will do the work so well."

"That's funny," mused Bradin. "My lawyer tells me the same thing about this."

"Invent the machine yourself?" asked Wagner [illegible].

"No," said Bradin. "I bought it from a chum for speculation."

"What's his name?" asked Wagner, sitting on the edge of his chair in his excitement.

"Pierce, the name of Pierce," explained Bradin. "He was in the school of engineers when I was completing the classical course."

"He promised to sell it to me!" stormed Wagner.

"Did he?" asked Bradin innocently. "He told me that you did not meet his price."

"He had to take what I offered," declared Wagner sullenly. "There is no other market."

"Oh, yes there is," declared Bradin comfortably. "I'm going to start a cordage company of my own unless you buy. With this machine we can make rope for half what it costs you. It's a good thing and two or three friends of my father are willing to go into it with me."

"We will undersell you," threatened Wagner. "You will be forced to the wall."

"I guess you'll beat us there," suggested Bradin. "You see we can turn out goods so much more cheaply."

"I'll write you a check," cried Wagner desperately. "I hate to see you embarking in such a foolish enterprise."

"Not now," said Bradin. "You see I just wanted to talk over the matter with you. I don't care to sell until after I have settled about my marriage."

"To whom?" demanded Wagner.

"To Norma," was the even answer. "You said you would talk about it when I could show you that I had made a profit of $10,000 by myself. Those ten cent dollars were not very good, but the sixty cent ones seem to be worth face value, and that makes four times what you demanded of me."

"I said I would talk about it," stammered Wagner. "I did not say that I would give you permission to marry her."

"That's so," agreed Bradin, "but at the same time I think it would be just as well to keep this thing in the family. You own 65 per cent of the American Rope company. It's the heaviest holding you have. If I start this company"—

"Go ahead and start it," said Wagner sullenly. "I will not be coerced."

"I have the articles of incorporation all drawn up," said Bradin quietly. "Would you like to see the list?"

Wagner reached for the paper, wondering why Bradin should show his hand so clearly. Quickly he glanced down the list of names and then looked up at the young man sitting on the opposite side of the desk.

"What [illegible] this name?" he shouted, pointing to a name half way down the sheet.

"Norma Wagner Bradin," [illegible]. "That is my wife. [illegible] we were so certain that you [illegible] that we [illegible] down and were married. Mrs. Bradin is downstairs in the carriage [illegible]. Would you like to see her?"

"Suppose," suggested Wagner, "that we go and have lunch somewhere. I am beaten, and I confess it."

Bradin held out the patent papers. "Then I'll give you these," he said. "It's a very valuable patent. Good for making rope or marriages. Sort of double patent."

When the Stars Fell.

Almost historic is the remark of the awe stricken lad who, while observing a great meteoric display years ago, turned his eyes to a familiar corner of the heavens after an especially brilliant flight of meteors, drew a long breath and gasped:

"Well, the old dipper's still there, anyhow!"

Much more recently a similar spectacle, although in this instance a display no greater than is ordinarily looked for in August skies, disturbed the tranquillity of a little girl whose father, an enthusiastic amateur astronomer, had taken her up on the roof with him to see the sight. He expected her to be delighted with the shooting stars, but he soon observed that her expression was scarcely a joyous one.

"What is it, Ada?" he asked her. "Don't you like to watch them? Aren't you enjoying yourself?"

"Ye-es, papa," she answered dubiously, conscientiously trying to harmonize the dictates of politeness and truth. "At least, I suppose we can spare the stars, and I think I might enjoy it if only you can give me your word we are sure of the moon."

Good Business.

A writer who spends his summers at the seashore tells the following story: An ignorant countryman who saw the sea for the first time was much impressed with the effect of the blue water and asked a fisherman if he could tell him the owner, as he would like to buy a gallon to take home to his wife. The fisherman replied proudly:

"Us, me, man. We own it!"

"Land's sakes!" exclaimed the rustic. "Could you sell me a gallon for 50 cents?"

"Sure," said the fisherman, and he disappeared, returning in a few moments with a jar of water, for which he received the countryman's 50 cents. The latter departed with his purchase. [illegible] later in the day, after the tide had gone out, he gazed in silent wonder at the water, which had receded far from the beach.

"Land sakes!" he exclaimed, "don't they do a [illegible]!"—Harper's Weekly.

The Ways of Water Cure.

A celebrated family physician never tires of proclaiming the virtues of a glass of cold water taken on waking in the morning.

"Many people," he remarks, "avoid drinking water as though it were poison, although without it no one can be properly healthy. When taken early in the morning it has a cleansing and bracing effect on the system, while its beneficial effects on the liver can hardly be exaggerated.

"It is so simple a rule that the advice is well worth following, especially by those who suffer with indigestion or who awake with a feeling of languor, an early morning sensation which afflicts innumerable people of sedentary habits."—Kansas City Journal.

A PUEBLO LEGEND.

The Story of the Great Flood and the Monster Turtle.

The children of the Pueblo Indians have a [illegible] ark of their own, and some of the animals it contains are very [illegible] most such animals, in fact, as civilized young people are not acquainted with. Among them are [illegible], queer creatures of the cat [illegible] antelopes. All of the animals are made out of clay [illegible].

[illegible] Like most other peoples, the Pueblo Indians have a tradition of a great flood. The catastrophe occurred long ago, when they lived in the ancient land of their forefathers. One day the earth began to shake and strange rumblings grew louder and louder until at length an opening yawned in the middle of the central square of the town. Out of the opening gushed a mighty stream of water, overwhelming the houses and flooding the valley, so that the inhabitants fled with their live stock to neighboring mountains.

Presently there rose out of the hole in the earth the head of a gigantic turtle, which towered to the very roof of the sky. Everybody was terror stricken, but the chief man of the town, whose name ought to have been Noah, plucked up the courage to ask the great reptile what it wanted. The turtle replied that it was hungry and that its appetite could be appeased only by the sacrifice of a young man and a young woman. There was nothing to do but to obey, and so a handsome youth and a beautiful girl were delivered up to the turtle, which took them in its mouth and sank with them through the hole. Immediately all of the waters flowed away, and in the place where the reptile had appeared there rose up a large black rock, which, according to the myth, may be seen to this day, testifying to the truth of the story.

[illegible] things in [illegible] comfortable condition, after [illegible] all of the houses [illegible] property [illegible] wisest [illegible] tribe of [illegible] sacred [illegible] driest [illegible] dry [illegible] that the [illegible] is always a sure [illegible] of [illegible].

Curiosities of Literary Worship.

The most [illegible] instance of literary relic worship on record is said to be that of a well known Englishman who constantly wears, in a small locket attached to a chain around the neck, a portion of the charred skull of Shelley.

Of late years a great many persons have visited the former residence of Victor Hugo to see a tooth of that celebrity which is kept in a small glass case with this inscription: "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1871, at Vianden, in the gardens attached to the house of Mme. Koch, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

In the year 1816 a tooth of the famous Sir Isaac Newton was sold at auction by a relic monger of London and was purchased by an English nobleman for a sum equal to $3,650 in United States currency. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from a favorite ring and the tooth set in its place.

The wig that Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold at public auction soon after the great writer's death for the sum of £2,000, and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought £1,000 at a sale in 1822.

Meals In Java.

Breakfast proper is served from 7 to 9 o'clock, but the Dutch have no idea of breakfast, and it is a very inferior meal in the hotels, at any rate, consisting merely of bread and butter, both bad, slices of cold meat left from the previous night's dinner and eggs. The chief meal of the day is "tiffin," which is composed of a dish peculiar to Java—the rice table or "rys-tafel." This is a thing to wonder at. It commences with a soup plate full of boiled rice, which is handed round in large bowls and served with a wooden ladle. From ten to twenty dishes, all put on the table at once, are then handed round and some of each put into the rice or on a small plate beside the soup plate. These dishes include fish, fowl, meats of various kinds, curried eggs, fried bananas, shrimp fritters, omelet and curry, finishing up with chutneys of all sorts served in a large round dish divided into many compartments. This concoction is then mixed up and eaten with a spoon and fork. It is followed by beefsteak, almost raw, and fried potatoes, and this, again, is succeeded by dessert.

The Paris Frotteur.

Almost every one who has lived in Paris at some time or other made the acquaintance of the frotteur, whose sole business it is to polish oak floors. The typical frotteur is quite a character. He is urbane and patronizing. He confers an immense favor upon you by condescending to beeswax your floors, but he has tact enough not to make you uncomfortable, and so long as you show a proper respect for the profession of which he is a member he is politeness itself. He never fails to take a great interest in his customers and knows all about their friends, their income and their private affairs generally. Idiosyncrasies of the Paris frotteur have their drawbacks, but, on the whole, the corporation is made up of very useful members of society, for whom their customers generally entertain a kind of amiable weakness.

AN EL DORADO COUNTY

By Ina Wright Hanson

Copyright, 1905, by Ina Wright Hanson

[illegible] she jerked her fish pole impatiently. "[illegible] better fishing over in El Dorado county," she said plaintively.

"There was once a man," I answered, "who stood at the fork of a sandy, stony, country road, not knowing whether he should turn to the left, or go straight ahead. As he hesitated, a farmer came along and the man said, 'Which road leads to San Fernando?' And the farmer answered, 'Both.' And the man said, 'Which one shall I take, then?' And the farmer answered, 'No matter; whichever one you take, you will wish you had taken the other.'"

"I suppose you mean that if we were in El Dorado county I should think it would be better fishing here in Placer county?" ventured Hermione.

"Possibly I do," I said, continuing my [illegible], though doggedly, for I was not in story writing mood. Presently I chanced to look down just as Hermione looked up. Something there was in her limpid eyes, her rose tinted mouth, even the dash of color in her smooth cheek, which made me shove my notebook hastily into my pocket. I told myself it was her resemblance to her sister May.

May was in Paris, selecting her trousseau. When she returned at some indefinite time—she really seemed to be in no great haste to get back—then I was to have Hermione; we were to be married. We were not sentimentalists, but were looking forward to a smooth comradeship undisturbed by the [illegible] elements of love. A working [illegible], in which she would illustrate what her husband wrote. We had been engaged for three years, with [illegible]. This, we agreed, boded well for a pleasant future. Still there were no [illegible].

But lately something had entered into [illegible] which was setting me [illegible]. The mischief of it was, too, that the disturbance was not tangible. If it had been a debt, I could have paid it; if a tale rejected, I could have revised it or laid it upon the flames; if poor health had been the disquieting feature, I could have sought a remedy, but it was none of these. It was an omnipresent ghost which walked with me, unseen, unheard. I had a faint idea of its birth. On the day of May's departure for Europe we had been discussing Hermione.

"She must live with us," I said.

"Oh, yes," answered May, "until she is married. I fancy she will marry young. She is going to make a very attractive woman."

Before that day I had been a contented man; since that day I lived in a misty world except when I resolutely forgot my absurd, unreasonable feeling.

"Come on, chicken," I called gayly to Hermione, "we'll go into El Dorado county."

Over the rocks we clambered, laughing—it is so easy for a child to be happy and for a grown up child to catch the spirit if he will—over the rocks, across the suspension bridge spanning the American river, and we had gone from Placer county into El Dorado.

"There! This is lots nicer," she said when we were again seated to her satisfaction.

How sweet her voice was, and really the child was going to be handsomer than her sister, though May was considered a beauty. Hermione was changed lately, somehow. Ah, it must be her hair, which used to hang down her back in a frowsy braid. Today—why—a golden coronal, cleft here and there with a turquoise blue studded comb and topped off with a black bow. Why—

"What are you staring at me so for?" she asked, putting on her hat and blushing.

Fancy Hermione blushing!

"There was once a man," I answered hypocritically, "who was a—a—well, Cicero, for example, who was at work on a difficult mental problem, and at the time he was gazing hard at the family cat, for example, but he had no conception of the cat."

Hermione pouted. "If you call yourself Cicero, you might be a little more complimentary to me."

I laughed. Hermione always laughed if she had the faintest reason, so in a moment her dimples were in sight again. Strange, I had never before [illegible] what a wealth of them there was.

"How old are you, child?" I asked suddenly.

"Eighteen," she answered, pulling her fish hook gently away from a snag.

I mused over her answer, the tangle in my head trying hard to straighten itself. May was thirty—[illegible].

"If the trouble is in your story, [illegible]," [illegible] Hermione [illegible].

[illegible] The [illegible] was [illegible], but what good was it to [illegible] when it came three years too late?

"Well, who are the characters?" she asked [illegible].

"A [illegible] of beauty and wisdom and one [illegible]. It has three chapters. The first deals with a colossal mistake, the second with a fool's lethargy and the third with an awakening, which came too late."

"Oh, not too late!" protested Hermione. "You really must change that. It ought to end well."

"Some stories can't end well, little girl," I answered with conviction.

"We'll make it end well," she continued decidedly. "And the king?"

"The king?"

"Yes; if a story has a queen, doesn't it [illegible] have a king?"

"[illegible] story hasn't. There's no king [illegible] the king's fool," I answered [illegible].

"[illegible] the king's fool in love with the queen?" Hermione's eyes followed the gentle eddying of her fish line.

"Yes—that's the approved predicament, I suppose."

"And the little maid loves the fool," she supplemented, "but he doesn't know it. By and by something happens."

Just then something did happen. Hermione's pole went frolicking down the river, and like lightning out of a clear sky, Hermione, joyous-hearted Hermione, was sobbing tempestuously. In my moment of astonishment I took her into my arms. Shouldn't one comfort one's golden haired little sister? I opined that one should.

"There! There, little girl!" I shouted. "What is it?"

"Oh, it's May! How could she treat you so, and you so good and kind, and—and—oh, it will break your loving heart! It will make you an outcast—fugitive from justice!"

I smiled at her extravagance of expression, but, no matter what was the calamity, I was in no hurry to give up the warm little bundle in my arms. This was a new sensation, and altogether delightful, but quite too soon she drew herself gently away and began the explanation.

She had just received a letter from May. May had met a man in Paris, one "so dear and so handsome." Hermione quoted her sister's words with ineffable scorn—he came of good family, he was rich and, and, and—

Was ever sweet deliverance so opportune?

"Hermione," I said [illegible], lifting her [illegible] face [illegible]. "Hermione, [illegible] little maid love [illegible]?"

"[illegible]" She was [illegible].

"[illegible]," [illegible] bending my head.

"There was once a man," I answered [illegible] as we loitered along the homeward way, "who believed that somewhere between the Amazon and Orinoco rivers lay a land marvelously rich in gold and precious gems. He called this fabulous country El Dorado, but he never found it. I am more fortunate than Sir Walter Raleigh. I have found my El Dorado, a golden region, indeed, little girl."

And Hermione, snuggling her small hand into mine, asked naively:

"Then it was better fishing over in El Dorado county, wasn't it?"

Kind Words.

As the breath of the dew on the tender plant, they gently fall upon the drooping heart, refreshing its withered tendrils and soothing its burning woes. Bright oases they are in life's great desert. Who can estimate the pangs they have alleviated or the good works they have accomplished? Long after they are uttered do they reverberate in the soul's inner chambers and sing low, sweet, liquid strains that quell all the raging storms that may have before existed. And, oh, when the heart is sad and, like a broken harp, the sweetest chords of pleasure cease to vibrate, who can tell the power of one kind word? One little word of tenderness gushing in upon the soul will sweep the long neglected chords and awaken the most pleasant strains. Kind words are like jewels in the heart, never to be forgotten, but perhaps to cheer up their memory a long, sad life, while words of cruelty are like darts in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars that will be borne to the grave by their victims.—Saturday Evening Post.

Coral Church on an Eastern Island.

The church built of coral is one of the curiosities of the isle of Mahe, one of the Seychelles islands, in the Indian ocean. The Seychelles islands, which are supposed by many to be the site of the Eden of the Old Testament, form an archipelago of eleven islands and are situated about 1,400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the isle of Mahe, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean and is nearly the center of the group. All these islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewn into square blocks, which glisten like white marble and show themselves to the utmost advantage in the various tinted green of the thick tropical palms, whose immense fernlike leaves give pleasant and much needed shade. These palms grow as high as 100 feet and more, overtopping both the houses and the coral built church. They line the seashore and cover the mountains, forming in many places extensive forests.

The Truth Beautifully Told.

A [illegible] painter had been employed to paint a portrait of Mrs. Gladstone in her old age. It was intended that it should be a present for Mr. Gladstone on one of his birthdays. Mrs. Gladstone was particularly well pleased with the portrait, but some of the grandchildren had opinions of their own about it. One of the younger grandsons drew Mr. Gladstone aside and asked him if he did not think that the portrait was somewhat flattering. "It isn't much like grandmother, is it?" he asked. "My boy," replied Mr. Gladstone in his beautiful voice, "it is the truth beautifully told; that's all."—Dundee Advertiser.

MAKING SILK HATS.

A Workman Explains Why His Forefinger Nail Is Malformed.

The nail of his right forefinger was long, yellow, horny, and the finger tip had so thickened and hardened that it seemed to be covered with pale leather. He was a silk hat maker, and it was from curling hat brims that his finger had changed so strangely. Describing the processes of a silk hat's manufacture, he said:

"The belief that cardboard forms a silk hat's foundation is an error. The hat is first built up of various thicknesses of linen—layers of linen soaked in shellac—that by means of wooden molds and hot irons weighing twenty pounds apiece are welded one on the other till a perfect shape, brim and all complete, is obtained.

"The silk is next put on. This silk costs from $10 to $15 a yard. It looks like plush in the piece. The hatmaker cuts it off on the bias and molds it round the stiff linen foundation. The strips must be very accurately cut and great care is used in their ironing and cementing, so as to give a perfect diagonal joint. Look at your silk hat's seam the next time you wear it. The joint's perfection will, perhaps, amaze you.

"The brim, up to this point, is flat. Now its curling commences. That is where my queer forefinger comes in. The shaping of a hat brim is purely a matter of hand and eye and taste. The brim while being shaped is highly heated so as to give it pliability.

"And of course working on this hot material, patting and prodding it, the forefinger thickens and the nail gets horny.

"Nevertheless hat curling is pleasant, artistic work. Hat curlers have reputations the same as artists. Their work is distinctive. An expert can tell it at a glance."—New York Press.

THE UPPER LIP.

A Theory About the Furrow Which Runs Below the Nose.

Below the nose runs a furrow parting the upper lip. In the faces of babies and children this furrow is very noticeable. From the evolutionist's point of view it is one of the most remarkable characters of the face. It tends to become obsolete in old age, and it is not seen among the catarrhine monkeys. Among the platyrhines it is but feebly developed, but in lemurs it is in a more pronounced state. There is a depressed septum, by which the two side pieces are joined. The upper lip, in fact, is nearly split in two, but held together in a depressed piece of flesh. In the marsupials and rodents the lip is practically in two pieces, and each piece is capable of being moved separately. This is the "harelip," and its method of use may well be noticed in a hare or a rabbit when eating.

The furrow, therefore, in the child's lip points to this—that our ancestors possessed not a single upper lip, as we do now, but two upper lips, one beneath each nostril, both capable of independent movement. In the course of time these two lips have, owing to the nonrequirement of independent movement, grown together to form the single lip we now possess, but the line of function is not perfect, and so the furrow results, and sometimes there is a distinct scar down the middle of the furrow.

The possession of the furrowed upper lip by children is one of the strongest pieces of evidence against the descent of man from any catarrhine and in favor of his descent from platyrhines or from lemurs through the intervention of platyrhine-like ancestors, of which there are no exact living representatives.—Nineteenth Century.

Long Lines.

Dumas père, who was proud of the prices he received for his work, was once boasting of the fact.

"Beyond a doubt," he remarked, "I am the best paid of living men of letters. I receive 30 sous a line."

"Indeed, monsieur?" said a bystander. "I have never worked for less than £5,000 a line. What do you think of that?"

"You are joking," responded Dumas in irritation.

"Not at all."

"For what do you receive such rates per line?"

"For constructing railways," was the answer.—Harper's Weekly.

What Peace Means.

"Can you tell me the meaning of the word 'peace'?" asked Miss Gray of a little boy who had just recited a patriotic poem in which the word occurred.

"Peace means when you ain't got no children," answered the child.

"How is that?" asked Miss Gray.

"When my mother has washed and dressed us six children for school in the morning she says, 'Now I'll have peace.'"

Torturing Him.

"You say you think your girl is going back on you? What leads you to such a supposition? Did she snub you?"

"No, but she called her little sister into the parlor last night and had her recite to me."—Houston Post.

The Hero's Reward.

Miss Critter—I hate to repeat gossip, Mr. Dubber, but just before you left us last evening I heard Miss Clipper say that she was dying to get rid of you. Dubber—Ha! Then I saved her life. I'll go at once and claim her hand.—Chicago News.

Knew What Was Coming.

Hicks—My wife dropped in to see me at the office today and— Weeks—Sorry, old man, but I've been touched too. Can't lend you a cent.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE MINER and
TRIBUNE FARMER
one year for
$1.25 IN ADVANCE.

OLD TIME MYSTERIES

SOME RIDDLES IN LIFE THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN SOLVED.

Lands and Peoples That Are Supposed to Have Disappeared—The Legend of the Lost Atlantis—The Ancient Pygmies of Tennessee.

The public appetite craves nothing so much as a riddle, a secret to guess, but nowadays every man's life is so bare, so exploited, and we live so much out of doors from the cradle to the grave that very few facts or fancies can be kept hidden. There were, however, certain mysteries which during the last century the American public pondered and worried over which are yet unsolved and, except by a few old people, are almost forgotten.

One of these, perhaps the oldest, is the question whether beneath the Atlantic not far from the Bahamas there is a sunken continent known to the Greeks as the lost Atlantis. It was still talked of familiarly in the first half of the last century. Seafaring men declared that when the water was calm and clear they had caught glimpses of ancient cities beneath with their glittering roofs and spires, and that in certain conditions of the atmosphere the tolling of the bells could be distinctly heard. Treatises were written by learned professors to prove the probability of the legend, and other treatises, as learned and vehement, to flout and jeer at it as an idle fable.

Certain flotsam and jetsam, which was washed ashore after heavy storms on the coasts of Georgia and Florida—logs of strange woods unknown to this generation, coins, bits of carved marble and beaten brass—was ascribed to the long dead workmen of Atlantis.

The lost colony is now known only as the subject of an ancient fable, but years ago it was by most educated people believed to be an actual fact.

Another much discussed mystery then was what had become of the colony of civilized people who at the time of the settlement of the country lived on the western coast of Greenland.

That country is, as you will see by a glance at the map, shaped something like the half of an egg cut lengthwise, the flat side upon the earth, the point to the south. The rounded center is a heap of impenetrable ice mountains. As the centuries go by enormous bodies of ice slip from it into the sea and, breaking off, drift slowly down along our coasts. These are the icebergs of the Atlantic ocean. Now, along the narrow slip of habitable land which edges Greenland on this side tradition says once dwelt a civilized people who, both in knowledge and the habits of life, were far in advance of the Laplanders.

They were well known to the early Danish navigators, who made frequent mention of them in their logs and reports. The question yet unanswered is, Where are they now? Tradition among the Laplanders reports that the whole colony two centuries ago emigrated in a body to the eastern coast of Greenland, attempting to cross the hitherto impenetrable masses of ice in the center. No tidings ever have come back from them. Some of the scientific men who accompanied the Hayes expedition made this question a matter of special study. They reported that a doubt could hardly exist that these people did once inhabit that part of the coast and that they now had utterly vanished. If they had been swept away by a pestilence their household belongings at least would be left to tell of them, but not a shard of pottery, not a single grave, remains to show that they ever lived. It was supposed by the Danish missionaries that they had perished in the ranges of ice mountains, but among the Laplanders there were traditions that they had safely reached the western coast and settled there, now forming a civilized community, wholly isolated from the rest of the world. One of Nansen's voyages was, in fact, directed to that coast in the hope of finding this colony. He was not able to reach the northern part of the coast, and the mystery is therefore yet unsolved.

Another problem which perplexed the last generation was the long extinct pygmy race which centuries ago undoubtedly inhabited the Tennessee mountains. Legends among the Indians told of such a tribe of dwarfs, who were supposed to be of more intelligence than the red men. But these legends were very hazy. A burying ground, however, actually was discovered in the early part of the last century in which all of the skeletons were of pygmy proportions. Some of them were carried away to college museums. But as far as I know no scientific inquiry has ever been directed to this question.

Another curious matter which caused much speculation in the early part of the last century was the fate of the colony of French emigres who fled to this country in the eighteenth century and took refuge in the northern part of Alabama. Like those Frenchmen who found safety in Delaware, they were for the most part of noble blood. Marquises and counts earned their living in Wilmington as dancing masters and even chefs, and their descendants live there still.

But the poor gentlefolk who went penniless to Alabama to escape the guillotine penetrated the wilderness and made up a colony of vine growers, farmers, etc. They worked helplessly as long, starved and then melted away mysteriously. Whether they returned to ungrateful France or died in their exile nobody knows. It was a romantic, tragical question which much interested the last generation and is now forgotten. But it is still unanswered.—New York Herald.

It Pays to Advertise.

An Oklahoma girl advertised for a husband and got him. The total expense for advertising, wedding outfit, etc., was $11. He died within a year, leaving her an insurance policy of $10,000. And yet some people claim that it doesn't pay to advertise.—Sparks (Okla.) Review.

A CREEPY PLACE.

Some of the Pests and Discomforts of Life in Bulawayo.

"Life in Bulawayo during the wet season is certainly not all pleasure," writes a resident of that African town. "The rain descends as if a river, having lost its way among the clouds, was hurriedly trying to return to earth once more. The streets are transformed into lakes, and the damp, moist heat makes everything inside the house unpleasantly moist and clammy. But disagreeable as the rainy season may be, the cold that precedes it in September is almost worse. Dust storms are frequent. Trees and shrubs become brown and shriveled, and the wind blows with cutting force across the veldt. It is then, too, that the snakes are more in evidence than at any other time of the year. Half torpid, stupid with the cold, you come upon them coiled up in unexpected places, as once when entering my room I found one wound round the leg of my dressing table. Another evening we were disturbed by a persistent tapping against the window, as if some one were trying to attract our attention. On rising to investigate we found it was a snake that, attracted by the light and warmth, was endeavoring to make its way in through the glass.

"White ants are another terrible pest, or, rather, they would be, did they not enter so literally into every circumstance of everyday life that they end by being taken as a matter of course. For instance, after an absence of a few hours you return to find half the matting on the floor devoured, or, your boy having incautiously left your coat hanging in the sun, the lining affords a speedy meal to these voracious little insects. In fact, you never know what damage may not be revealed at any moment, and this uncertainty extends even to the garden, where your rose trees have to be grown in tubs half filled with broken glass and perched on bricks soaked in paraffin.

"I found that the tarantulas and scorpions were everyday evils, to be endured with what philosophy one could muster. A tarantula the size of a small crab walking across the floor is not a pleasant object. Our house boy delighted in catching them to make them fight with the scorpions, and we had ocular demonstration of the fact, long believed to be only a traveler's tale, that on being worsted a scorpion will commit suicide by bending its tail over its back and stinging itself behind the neck rather than be eaten by its opponent."

Old English Houses.

Many old houses throughout England have long been famous for the quaint and humorous inscriptions painted or carved on one of their exterior walls. On the portico of Arley Hall, the seat of the Warburton family, there is inscribed this welcome:

This gate is free to all men good and true;
Right welcome then, if worthy to pass through.

And at Loseley House, Surrey, there is a Latin inscription over the doorway to this effect, "I am shut to an enemy, but am always open to a friend." Above the door of a house at Salvington, Sussex, in which Selden was born, there is a Latin couplet much to the same import, and Montacute House, Somerset, has these two lines carved:

Through this wide opening gate
None come too early, none return too late.

Under a variety of forms we find the same maxim on different houses, and at Ferray Hall, in the parish of Almondbury, over one of the doorways are the words, "An honest man may enter," and on the reverse side facing the spectator when leaving the premises, "A cheat may be off."—London Standard.

In the Time of Erasmus.

Then not only all the learned, but all the educated, were familiar with Latin. Whoever read, indeed, must read Latin, for there was little else to read. Theology, history, philosophy, all were in Latin. The national literatures were only in their cradles. Nearly a century after the time of Erasmus, Bacon deliberately buried his greater works in Latin in the hope of securing his fame, and even Milton chose Latin as the vehicle of some of the best of his early poetry and did not abandon it without hesitation.

To Erasmus it was everything—the language of his tongue as well as of his pen. He traveled everywhere, in Italy, France, England, Germany, but he certainly knew no English or German and apparently made his Latin carry him through wherever he went. And whatever difficulties of language he found with innkeepers and servants and officers of customs he found none among the clergy or the nobles, at whose houses his introductions made him everywhere welcome.—London Times.

Human Horns.

In the anatomical museum of the Edinburg university four horns are preserved which had grown upon human heads. One of these is about seven inches long, as thick as the little finger and crooked in shape. A label attached to it bears this inscription "This horn was cut by Arthur Temple, chirurgeon, out of the head of Elizabeth Low, being three inches above the right ear, before witnesses, the 14th of May, 1671. It was a-growing seven yeares. Her age is fifty yeares." The three other human horns also graced the heads of ladies.

In Sir Robert Sibbald's "History of Fife," a curious book published about the beginning of the eighteenth century, we read: "A person of quality, a lady of great age in this shire, had a horn growing out of her toe and put her from walking. It was cut off by Dr. H., and she was freed of pain and walked."

An Old Master.

Mrs. Parvenue—That picture in the corner is by an old master. Mrs. Swartleigh—Indeed! I would never have guessed it. Mrs. Parvenue—Yes. The man I bought it from gave me a written guarantee that the painter was past seventy-five before he did a stroke on it.

THE DOMESTIC HUSBAND.

One View of the Man Who Haunts His Own Home Circle.

The foolishness of wives is shown in their warfare against the club, be it good or bad, and their indiscriminate laudation of the domestic man. The latter is not apt to be an alluring personality, for, oscillating between downtown and home, his circle of interests is necessarily narrow, and he inevitably takes up with more or less petty matters and becomes a domestic martinet or a tame cat. All the big civic interests that engage the energies of public spirited men in their leisure from business he ignores, as he does association with men identified with other worthy interests. The petty gossip of the home and the evening paper constitute the typical domestic man's meat and sustenance in his moments of relaxation from the grind of money making, and apart from merely having him within reach it is hard to understand what pleasure the wife can take in this variety of husband, for he [illegible] is for citizens who bear their share of the burdens peculiar to our nation and times.—Vogue.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Do so [illegible] today that you need not long for tomorrow.

[illegible] only want your countenance to give it to others.

If a man were his own enemy, what stories he could tell on himself!

Don't judge a man by his first friendship in a town; judge him by his last.

Don't give your friends indigestion by trying to poke people you like down their throats.

When we think of the ease with which we deceive others we should think of the ease with which others may deceive us.

Good news travels, not so rapidly as bad news, of course, but it travels. Do a good thing and people will hear of it in time.

Everybody understands that an old boiler must be treated with care, but very few understand that an old stomach is as dangerous as an old boiler.—Atchison Globe.

"Ike" Simons

is having a

CLEARANCE SALE

for ten days, beginning

JULY 25th.

MEN'S SUITS cut in price almost half.

With few exceptions the entire stock of furnishing goods has been price cut to the profit line.

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

SHERIFF'S SALES

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1905

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land with the buildings situate thereon, situate in the city of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point on the west side of Webster Street at the southeast corner of lot owned by J. H. Burns, running thence west along Burns' south line ninety-nine (99) feet; thence south by a line parallel with Webster Street fifty-one (51) feet to the northwest corner of lot of land formerly belonging to Mrs. Anna Flannagan; thence eastwardly along the north line of the Flannagan lot ninety-nine (99) feet to the west line of Webster Street fifty-one (51) feet to the place of beginning. Being lots numbers 215 and 216 as shown by map of the City of Bradford, and being the same lands conveyed to second party by last will and testament of P. McNamara, deceased, and this day conveyed to first party by deed to be recorded herewith.

Improved and having thereon a frame building known as the Corry Hotel and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank J. Goodwin at the suit of James E. Fox, Administrator of the estate of Dennis McNamara, dec'd.

McClure & Sharpe, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, Pa., described as follows: Commencing at the northwest corner of lot owned by F. L. Webster; thence northerly along Chestnut street forty feet to a point; thence easterly eleven and two-thirds rods, more or less to a point; thence southerly forty feet to land owned by Mrs. Langmade; thence westerly eleven and two-thirds rods more or less to the place of beginning. Being the southern side or part of Village lot No. 121.

Improved and having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, a two story frame barn, and a two story pop house, including all the machinery, fixtures and betterments, attached and belonging to the said pop house, and being the same property conveyed by Fanny Hayter, widow, to Loretta Luther, by deed dated October 28th, 1885, and recorded in Deed Book No. 61, page 291.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank J. Goodwin and Mary F. Barden Goodwin, at the suit of Mary Schriever and Lizzie Schriever.

H. K. Shaffer, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Being lot No. 2 located in Block "C" of the Holley Addition to the City of Bradford as per the survey and plot of K. Kelsey, Surveyor, 1891. Said lot having a frontage on Holley Avenue of thirty-five (35) feet and a depth of one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet.

Being the same property conveyed to J. Q. Field by deed dated July 2[illegible] 1893, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County July 25th 1893, by the Bradford Chamber of Commerce.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame house and usual outbuildings, &c.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. Q. Field at the suit of The Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association.

C. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the north side of Pleasant street on the east line of Pearl street produced; thence east along Pleasant street ninety-nine (99) feet to lot deeded to Albert Simpson; thence north along said lot deeded to Albert Simpson ninety (90) feet; thence west ninety-nine feet to Pearl street produced; thence south along the east line of Pearl street produced ninety (90) feet to the place of beginning and containing eighty-nine hundred and ten (8910) square feet, excepting and reserving such part of the west end of said lot as may be legally claimed for highway by the City of Bradford and being a part of the land conveyed to Augustus W. Newell by Daniel Kingsbury and wife by deed dated December 18th A. D. 1885, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean County and conveyed to first party by Augustus W. Newell and wife by deed dated December [illegible] A. D. 189[illegible], and recorded in Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. [illegible], page [illegible], &c.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Love A. Richardson, Administratrix C. T. A. of the estate of F. L. Richardson, deceased, Love A. Richardson, widow, J. M. McClure, Guardian of Frank W. Richardson, minor child of F. L. Richardson, dec'd, and E. J. Jones, terre tenant, at the suit of L. S. Whiting now to the use of Love A. Richardson.

Taft & Jones, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the center of the road, the northeast corner of Lot No. 166 of the allotment of Keating lands in said Township; thence west thirty-one (31) perches to the northwest corner of said lot No. 166; thence south thirty-three (33) perches to the southwest corner of said lot No. 166; thence west one hundred forty-three and six-tenths (143.6) perches to a post; thence north thirty-four and six-tenths (34.6) perches to the northwest corner of lot No. 165, eighty-four and six-tenths (84.6) perches to a post; thence east one hundred forty-six and seven-tenths (146.7) perches to the center of the road, the southeast corner of lot No. 26, conveyed to C. F. Ferris; thence by said road south 28 degrees, east fifty-nine and three-tenths (59.3) perches to the place of beginning. Containing eighty-one and eight tenths acres of land, be the same more or less, being lots Nos. 28 and 165 of the allotment of Keating lands, in said Township and part of Warrant No. 2[illegible], and being the same premises conveyed to the said Maurice A. Hall by Mary A. Moore and husband, by deed bearing even date herewith.

Improved and having thereon a dwelling house, barn and usual outbuildings, etc.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Nellie L. Hall, administratrix of Maurice A. Hall, dec'd, Nellie L. Hall, widow, Bessie Elizabeth Hall, Hattie Levina Hall, minor children of said Maurice A. Hall, dec'd, and W. D. Camp, Guardian of the said Bessie Elizabeth Hall and Hattie Levina Hall, at the suit of Mary A. Moore.

Gordon & Richmond, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post one hundred fifty-five (155) feet from the corner of Main and Webster Street in said City on the west side of Webster Street; thence south on line of Webster Street twenty-five (25) feet to a post; thence westerly ninety-nine (99) feet to a post; thence north by a line parallel with Webster Street twenty-five (25) feet to a post; thence east on Duke's line ninety-nine (99) feet to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-four hundred seventy five (2475) square feet, more or less and being the same land conveyed to said J. H. Burns by S. W. Ruble and wife by deed date March 10th, 1885, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 39, page 107.

Improved and having erected thereon a two story frame building used for hotel purposes.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of C. T. Evans, Administrator of J. H. Burns, dec'd, at the suit of John Bird.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel of land situate in the township of [illegible], County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning in the north line of warrant No. 2205 at the point three hundred sixty one (361) perches east of the northwest corner thereof, being also the northeast corner of Keating lot No. 67, in said township; thence south along the east line of Keating lots Nos. 67 and 102 one hundred seventy four and four tenths (174.4) perches to a post corner; thence south 58 degrees west one hundred sixty-five (165) perches to a post in the south line of Keating lot No. 102; thence west on said line thirty-seven perches, more or less, to the southeast corner of the Samuel Elliott lot; thence north by the east line of said Elliott lot seventy nine and four-tenths (79.4) perches to the northeast corner of said Elliott; thence north 21 degrees west seventeen and five-tenths (17.5) perches to a post, the southwest corner of J. J. Robarts' lot; thence north 48 degrees east by Robarts' southeast line, one hundred eighty-six and seven-tenths (186.7) perches to Robarts' southeast corner; thence north by Robarts' east line thirty-seven (37) perches to the north line of Warrant No. 2205; thence east on said line forty (40) perches, more or less, to the place of beginning, containing 135 acres more or less, being part of Keating lots 67 and 102 in Warrant No. 2205 and a part of the lands contracted to Leroy D. Champlin by Aaron A. Aug, and Frank Healey, by contract dated May 1st, 1887.

Having erected thereon two two story frame houses, two frame barns, a young orchard and having about 40 acres improved, more or less.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of L. D. Champlin, defendant and Lewis J. Champlin terre tenant, at the suit of Robarts Brothers, use First National Bank of Olean now use of Geo. E. Brown.

Also a certain other parcel situate in the township, County and State aforesaid: Beginning in the east line of aforesaid Keating lot No. 102, at the most easterly southeast corner of the above described Lewis J. Champlin lot; thence south eighty-seven and four-tenths (87.4) perches to the southeast corner of said lot, 102; thence west on the south line thereof one hundred thirty-nine and eight-tenths (139.8) perches to the most southerly southeast corner of the Lewis J. Champlin; thence north 58 degrees east by Lewis J. Champlin's southeast line, one hundred and sixty-five (165) perches to the place of beginning, containing 38.9 acres, more or less, being part of said Keating lot No. 102, in Warrant No. 2205 and a part of the land contracted to Leroy D. Champlin by Aaron A. Aug., and Frank Healey, by aforesaid contract of May 1st, 1887.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of L. D. Champlin, Defendant, at the suit of Robarts Brothers, use of First National Bank of Olean now use of Geo. E. Brown.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract of land situated in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the southerly line of East Main Street at the northeast corner of the land conveyed by J. Q. Field and wife to Felicia Bodine by deed dated April 7th 1898, said point being one hundred and eighty (180) feet easterly from the easterly line of the east curb of Oxford Street; thence southerly, along the easterly line of said land conveyed to Felicia Bodine by J. Q. Field and wife by deed dated April 7th 1898, sixteen (16) rods, to a point by the south line of what is known as the "Cheese Factory Lot" and the north line of lands of A. J. Edgett, formerly W. N. Schoonover, eighty-seven (87) feet to a post on the west line of Field's Court; thence northerly by a line parallel with the east line of lands sold to Felicia Bodine, and being the west line of said Field's Court sixteen (16) rods to a post in the south line of East Main Street; thence westerly, by the south line of East Main Street eighty-seven (87) feet to the place of beginning, and being a portion of the same lands conveyed to first party by William Chambers described in deed dated September 7th 1890, recorded in Deed Book 59, page 463.

Together with three dwelling houses, one barn, one oil well, engine, tubing, casing, rig and all fixtures, fittings and appurtenances situated on and to the said well attached and belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. Q. Field at the suit of George Ware.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS Sheriff

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 12, 1905.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

COLD, WET WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	$60,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORRES

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

OILS FOR SALE

AT PALMER'S LIVERY.

I carry in stock the following oils and sell at bottom prices:

- Harvester Oil.
- Boston Coach Oil,
- Cleveland Castor Coach Oil.
- New York Carriage Grease.
- Mica Axle Grease.
- 4 Brothers Axle Grease.
- Extra Neatsfoot Harness Oil.
- Diamond Black Harness Oil.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport May 25, 1905.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., IN ALL COUNTRIES.
Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively.
Write or come to us at
523 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

C. A. SNOW & Co.

Professional Cards.

[illegible]
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest.
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

[illegible]
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Smethport, Penna.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

[illegible]
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. [illegible] Main Street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 80.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

[illegible]
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

[illegible] M. D.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. [illegible]
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

[illegible]
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p.m.

[illegible] C. Brown.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL.
JAMES McGUIRE, Propr.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been [illegible] and refurnished. The table is constantly supplied with [illegible] market affords. First class [illegible]

HOTEL IMPERIAL
Main street, Smethport, Pa.
[illegible] Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAKER HOUSE.
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists